

REVELATION OF THE SECRETS OF THE BIRDS AND FLOWERS

BY

The Learned Sheikh Izzidin son of
Abdusalam son of Ahmad son of Ghanim,
Al-Muqaddisi (Of the Sacred Place):
Upon him the Mercy of Almighty God!

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PREFACE

Readers accustomed to thinking of Sufism, or Islamic mysticism, in terms of denominationalism may be surprised to note that in this book reference is approvingly made to such apparently unconnected traditions as those of Abraham, Noah, the Israelites, Jesus and King Solomon, as well as to the Koran, Mohammed and Ishmael. Those who have read widely in Sufi literature, however, will note that it is only with the deterioration of spiritual understanding of the past few centuries that sectarianism has seemed to be found among those regarded as Sufis.

According to such authorities as Bayazid Bistami, one of the greatest Masters (died 875 of the Christian Era), there has been a succession of expressions of what we now call Sufism, each appropriate to its epoch, allegorised in these words:

"Its seeds were set at the time of Adam, they sprouted under Noah and flowered under Abraham. Grapes formed at the time of Moses, and they ripened at the time of Jesus. In the time of Mohammed, they were made into pure wine."

This book also partakes somewhat of the activity of supersession of presentation alluded to by Bayazid, for it has an interesting history and context.

Many readers in the West as well as in the East know of Fariduddin Attar (The Chemist) and especially his book, *The Conference of the Birds*. *The Secrets of the Birds and Flowers*,* coming about a century after Attar's writing, resembles it in certain interesting ways, and may be said to belong to the same genre: representing the culmination of a series of Sufi teaching-books, each designed for a later audience, in accordance with the characteristic 'updating' which is so marked in Sufi teaching, as distinct from the scholastic tendency to regard texts as sacrosanct. *The Secrets of the Birds and Flowers*, reputedly the finalisation of the corpus of material which had been given out from far earlier times, appeared in Syria at about the same time that the *Roman de la Rose* was to be found in France.

*Sometimes called *The Secrets of the Birds, Flowers and Animals*.

"In fact," as de Tassy notes†, speaking of the French romance, "this romance is generally and rightly regarded as mystical, and the mysterious rose that man has to conquer is God himself."

Muqaddisi's work is partially derived from an earlier Sufic composition, *The Awakening of the Sleeper*, and also resembles a book known as *The Gift of the Brethren of Purity*. Further East, its connection with the Urdu mystical *Rose of Bakawali* has also been noted. Most European readers versed in this subject will recognise the rose motif as being very much in evidence following the date of the *Roman* in the West, infusing the mysticism of the church, of special bodies like the alchemists, and of other mystics detached from any formal confessional format. As recently as the mid-seventeenth century, we find, in Europe, *La Vertue enseigné par les Oiseaux* (R. P. Alard le Roy, Liège 1653) and other writings noted by de Tassy.

The importance of the present version of the *Birds and Flowers*, however, is due to the conviction among its students, in the seven hundred years since its author died, that this form constitutes the final expression of the materials contained in the tradition.

The Learned Sheikh Izzidin b. Abdusalam b. Ahmad b. Ghanim, Al-Muqaddisi also wrote other allegories. It is often said, however, that these have not survived—or are not now employed in Sufi teaching—because their application was valid only for a limited space of time. The present edition is derived from four different manuscripts consulted by M. Garcin de Tassy, and published in Paris, in Arabic and French, by the Imperial Press in 1821. In addition to containing many Sufi technical terms and phrases ('die before your death', 'wine', 'sensuality', 'man asleep' and so on) it also shows us how certain varieties of Sufi literature were projected in such a way as both to accord with orthodox religion of the Islamic persuasion and also to maintain concepts which are rarely emphasised in formalistic religion.

The experiential approach, which insists upon inner development and progress as distinct from the piety of appearances; the employment of love-poetry; the bewitchingly

†*Language of the Birds*, Paris, 1864, Introduction by Garcin de Tassy.

effective Arabic of the original; the varietal nature of man and of communities—these are all here given a many-sided and often surprisingly 'modern' flavour.

Especially interesting is the way in which various human characteristics are noted and then seen to be over-developed so as to become vices in many cases. Again, one is constantly surprised by the flexibility of approach, and the psycho-spiritual perception by which Muqaddisi notes the shifting emotions of individuals and classes of people; the strengths and weaknesses of different postures of ideological emphasis; the balance between devotion and emotion. It has been said, perhaps with truth, that there is no document of such age to touch this one for a combination of mystical insight and understanding of human psychology.

1980

K. Winstone-Hamilton

INTRODUCTION

by Izzidin Al-Muqaddisi

In the name of God the merciful, the compassionate.

Praise be to God whose remoteness is nearness, whose nearness in remoteness, whose greatness defies any manner of description; whose sanctity so sublime is inestimable, limitless. Praise be to God who brought the World forth from non-existence; who infused in each creature glimpses of wisdom which surely affirm the existence of a creator; and who has endowed man with reason for judging between opposites. It is through the inspiration of this almighty God that man has acquired the knowledge that is his and may distinguish true from false, reality from error.

Anyone who gives himself to serious thought, and is guided and sustained by honest and pure intentions, may come to understand that all creatures are in the hands of Providence; and that Providence, just as it condemns some to misfortune, brings happiness to others and heaps them with favours and precious gifts. Nothing can stem the mercy of God: nor can anything give that which He himself withholds.

If your mind's eye were not diverted by extraneous interests, if nothing were polluting the mirror of your awareness and if you listened with the ear of attention, each creature could tell you of its unfulfilled desires and the pain it has suffered from this privation.

Listen to the zephyr in the foliage, murmuring at the tears of the clouds that ebb and flow like the movements of the sea, wailing at the gentle smile of lightning after the roar of thunder's laughter.

Then think of spring: it comes to bring you joy with its happy hail of roses; it comes to tell you that the bitter cold has passed. The dark winter retreats as it approaches you with a multi-

coloured mantle, to clothe the naked fields. The Egyptian willow weeps to you its woes in the movement of its boughs; the marguerite disarms you with a host of varied flowers, waving before you banners tinged with their happiness. The narcissus rises on its stem as if for prayer. The anemone appears in her tattered dress, striking her rose-like cheeks as if in grief for the loss of one dear to her. The pomegranate is telling you how much he suffers from the over-ardent fire kindled within him by the cruelty and scorn of his departed friend. The nightingale on the swinging bough modulates its soft notes, as if gently stroking the strings of a lyre.

The lover, a prey to love's melancholy, is no longer the master of his own passion and confides to the zephyr the adored name which he had so carefully kept concealed: stirred by the fragrance of Najd, home of his mistress, he wanders drunk with pleasure in solitary places, sanctuaries of their secret trysts, seeking refuge at the side of this divine beauty who knows the love that he speaks and the love that he hides in his heart.

The mystic, filled with gratitude for all the favours which he has received, prepares to dig deeper into the mine of wisdom; from milk he wishes to take only the purest cream and he knows that no being has been created by God simply to be left, alone and useless. For every creature occupies the place assigned for it, never straying from the road marked for it and each is a testimony to the truth of God's promises and warnings. There is nothing, nothing, which does not pay tribute of praise to the Most High. To this unanimous concert of beings I join my own small voice and I pray Almighty God to help my efforts and inspire me with genius.

I bless and salute His Prophet to whom he vouchsafed a revelation to blaze out His glory and whom he guided across the celestial spheres during the famed Night-Journey. May God's mercy and favour rest forever on this messenger, his companions and his descendants!

Full of these thoughts, I looked on the universe with eyes undistracted and, lighted by the torch of divine help and discernment, I saw that all beings speak the existence of the Creator and that those who cannot express themselves through speech adopt silent language as a form for their feelings. So I opened myself to the hints that glimmer in the things of nature

and fathomed the allegories that they represent. I realised that everything is, in reality, gifted with the capacity to communicate, either through the senses or by means of the intellect; more than that, I came to realise that the language of silence is more eloquent than speech, more true to essence than words can ever be.

When someone has spoken, one can concur with the correctness of his observations or else refute his words; whereas the language of emblems is the language of certainty and truth. But then, he who uses the figurative mode speaks only to those who have higher perceptions: while he who expresses himself through conventional means communicates with the ordinary state, common to us all.

I have written this work to explain the different allegories communicated to me in my meditations by animals and plants and even inorganic things; I can tell, too, what the solitary blackbird told of his listless repose, and his restless careening through the fields. May alert and perceptive people find useful lessons in these writings; for people of depth and reflective nature, may they act as a reminder of their duties; and may they convey to everyone salutary instruction. Whoever enters the spirit of my interpretations and understands my parables will derive pleasure from my book; whoever finds them alien will gain nothing.

I do not know what thought urged me to go one day and contemplate what was brought forth by the hands of the eternal God; that which was created by divine Wisdom, which always has purpose and always achieves its aim.

With this end in mind I went into a large garden. Soft lawns ruffled by the zephyr's quivering breath were its carpet; sweet aromas emanated from the flowers; the leafy heights of the trees murmured and stirred, the boughs swinging to the breath of a spring wind. The nightingale warbled softly, sighing with its tunes, lispings of its loves.

Here a stream ran across a meadow, there a waterfall cascaded wantonly; further on, fresh brilliant flowers studded the velvet lawn; in every direction vivid and varied landscapes met my eye. At the sight of it all I asked myself: can there be a more delightful place, a more pleasing solitude? Ah, would that I had a dear and true-hearted friend with whom I could

commune deeply!

I thought, suddenly, that I might catch these words in the silent and enigmatic language of nature.

Can you find a better friend than I? Can you hope to hear more eloquent answers than mine? There is nothing in all that you see that does not express itself in the language of symbol, nothing whose approaching end is not signalled by its state, manifested in its mode of being. Apply yourself, therefore, to understanding this language, if you are capable of hearing it.

VERSES

See the morning zephyr whose breath exhales fragrant currents that ripple through the air. Sometimes it makes sad, and plaintive sounds: like a lover bereft of his loved one; sometimes, like one reunited with a beloved mistress, it is imbued with exquisite perfumes. The clouds which let fall their refreshing showers, the lulling coo of the dove, the quiver of the branch that supports it, the half-light of the morning dawn, the lime tree when lightning and thunder-charged clouds come to shake its flowers, the spring which, accompanied by its herald, the rose, brings to nature such charming changes—all that exists (and which is destined for your use, O man, unconscious of God's favours), everything, yes everything, praises God's bounty, acknowledges His existence, thanks Him, blesses Him. Yes, from each and every thing, one can extract a proof of His unity.

ALLEGORY I

The Zephyr

My attention was first awakened by the wailing of the zephyr which, wanting to extol the language and the luxury of its breath, seemed to shape this soliloquy from its enigmatic sighs:

I, the faithful messenger of lovers, carry on my wings to loved ones, who alone can heal pain, the burning sighs of those sick with love for them. I am a faultless deliverer of the secrets entrusted to me and I speak my message exactly as it was spoken. If I meet a traveller, my breath becomes softer; it is just cajolery and friendly jesting. I act towards him as *he* acts, however: if he is good, I caress him with a luxurious breeze; but if he is wicked, then I molest him with my troublesome blowing.

My light fragrant breath brings health to the sick and makes peaceful and pleasant the midday rest. If my rustling sways the leaves, the lover cannot restrain his sighs; and if he hears my murmur he will confide his suffering to his mistress's ear. Gentleness and softness form my essence: only he who receives God's favours knows how to appreciate me.

Is not the purity of the air the product of my life-giving breath? And do not imagine that the changefulness you observe in my nature is caused by a trifling whim; it is for your use and benefit that my breath follows the seasons through their various changes.

In the spring, I blow from the North, I fertilise the trees and make night equal with day.

In summer my breath, coming from the East, quickens the growth of flowers and gives to the trees their most perfect aspect of beauty.

In autumn I blow from the South; it is then that all fruit reaches perfection and enters the last stage of its maturity.

Last of all, in the winter I blow from the West; and now I relieve the trees of the burden of their fruit and I dry the leaves without hurt to the branches. It is I who ripen fruit, give to the flowers their brilliant colours, endow the streams with silvered

chains; I who cause the pollen to reach and fertilise the trees and I make the sighs of the inflamed heart reach the inflamer; it is my fragrant breath, too, that tells love's pilgrim when he is drawing near to the tents of his beloved.

VERSES

It pleased the breeze to spread its fragrance and to intoxicate me with this delicious perfume. When the first sighs of this love which consumes me escaped from my breast, - the zephyr seemed to echo them with his dying breath. The fresh scented morning breeze should have quenched the thirst of my passion; but during the night it had passed close to those familiar spring pavilions and lofty mounds, becoming suffused with the aroma flowing from my mistress's tent; and it heightened the fierceness of my love's fire and suffering.

Intoxicated with pleasure, I could not come to my senses nor could I collect my thoughts. Mindful of the zephyr's voice, I understood the secret which my rivals could not guess and I heard what they did not hear. I learned that, in a place where 'wine' arouses sensuality of the purest form, my adored friend has allowed her glorious beauty to be seen without any veil to conceal her charms and has shown to her faithful lovers that ravishing face, ordinarily shielded from even the most avid glances.

ALLEGORY II The Rose

Encouraged by understanding what the zephyr seemed to utter, I was trying to interpret the blackbird's whistle and wondering at the flowers' heady hues when the rose, in an exhalation of perfume, gently announced its approach: and in its silent language intimated this:

I am the guest who comes to call between winter and summer, my visit as short as the apparition of the night-wraith; make haste to enjoy the time that I am in flower and remember that time is a sharp sword. I wear both the colour of the mistress and the garb of the mystic who is a lover; I cover in perfume those who inhale my breath, I foster an unexpected emotion in the young beauty who receives me from the hand of her friend. I am to man just a passing visitor; and whoever hopes to hold me fast hopes in vain.

Why do I suffer the harshness of fate which brings me only bitterness, so that whenever I open a bud thorns encircle me and press me from all sides? These prickly stings and sharp arrows wound me, shedding my blood on my petals, to stain them vermilion. This is what I endure; and yet I am the most noble of guests, the most elegant of travellers. But alas! None is at shelter from torment and pain; at least he who is able to bear them will attain the object of his desires.

Resplendent in my freshness and clothed in the robe of beauty, suddenly I am plucked by the hand of the Nazarines and taken from amidst the flowers to the imprisonment of a vase: then my body turns to water and my heart is burned; my flesh is torn and my strength is sapped; my tears fall, yet no one stops them, no one feels pity. My body falls prey to the ardour of fire, my tears themselves drown, my heart is distressed. The moisture I make is a token of the torments I endure by fire. Those consumed by a burning heat receive from my essence a lightening of their pain and those troubled by desire are grateful to breathe my musk-like scent. When my outward charms withdraw from man, my inner quality still remains amongst them. The people of Knowledge, skilled at drawing such learning from my transient beauty, await the time when my flower adorns the gardens; while lovers yearn that this time could last for evermore.

VERSES

Although I left you bodily, is not my spirit always close to

you! Think of it and you will see that my presence and my absence are the same. How right was he who said to me: one can compare you to the rose that fades but leaves behind its essence!

ALLEGORY III The Myrtle

No sooner had the myrtle sensed the speech of the rose than in the same language it spoke to it these words:

Already the clouds seem, as if playing at backgammon, to be scattering brilliant pearls; the zephyr tells its secret; the yellow *behar* is spreading its scented treasures; spring is proud of the garlands that garnish it; flowers, wanting only to please, are not content in embellishing the most beautiful gardens and still yearn to shine elsewhere; the nightingale sings of his loves; the grove, meeting-place of the lover, takes on its spring-time brilliance once again. Come, O my companion, let us enjoy ourselves and, proud of our beauty, let us grasp at the elusive instants of joy, so that not even the shortest moment can pass us by!

The rose, surprised by the myrtle's proclamation, spoke again at once, and in these words: How can you hold forth in this way, you, the prince of fragrant plants! Even if I anger you, you should not express yourself so; your pernicious advice makes you unworthy of the distinguished rank you occupy among flowers! If *you* are to stray, who will be able to reach the goal? Who will lead, if *you* lose the way? You enlist your subjects to come and play by your side, you encourage them to make merry. What! To be at the head of others and to have such unwholesome intent! Do not let your beauty intoxicate you, just because your stems sway gently, your leaves are a harmonious green and your line is a noble one. You are the image of youth's happy days that flee so fast, only to vanish. Such are the moments, always too short, that are spent with an adored beloved; such, also, are those fantastic illusions which come to assail the imagination at night, too brief to be broken and yet, in

duration, endless.

Already, at the coming of spring, fields cover themselves with a cloak of green spangled with a thousand flowers, their forms as various as those of the animals that live upon the earth. Of these flowers, some come to delight the sense of smell and then they fade; others serve as happy symbols and whole lines can be lifted from the language that they speak; these are the playthings of the harshness of fate; those others, cut off from all life, are spread over hillocks in the countryside.

Amongst vegetables there are some whose fruits are eaten and which serve as a basic food for men; but very few escape the devouring flames. Yet, if there were no fate, they would all be spared the cruelty of this end.

Brother, do not let yourself be seduced by the semblance of pleasures offered you by the caravanserai of this world; the gaping jaws of the lions of death are ready to receive you. Such is the advice I feel beholden to give you. Farewell.

ALLEGORY IV The Narcissus

The narcissus contemplated his companion, the myrtle, and then explained his own thoughts in this way:

Being, as I am, always close to other flowers, it is ever my wish to treat them with care. I talk with them by moonlight and constantly I am their companion; my beauty sets me at the head of my friends but nevertheless I am also their servant; therefore, should any wish to learn, I am well equipped to teach the obligations which service must entail.

I draw around myself the belt of obedience and, ever ready to carry out commands, I hold myself as humbly as a slave. When other flowers bend their heads, I do not bend mine with them; nor do I raise my head towards those who share my food; I am never sparing with my scent for those who want to breathe it; I never forget what I owe to those who make use of me and I never rebel against the hand that plucks me. At all times I quench my thirst from my cup which is, for me, like a robe

made rich by the purity of its design; an emerald stem acts as my foundation and gold and silver go to make my dress.

When I reflect upon my imperfections, I can only lower my eyes to the ground, in confusion; and when I meditate upon my future, I think forward to the moment that fate has set for the end of my existence. It may seem strange that I should give myself over to such dark thoughts in this light and lovely place. I admit that the sense of smell is sufficient for gauging the power of my perfume; but the ear will not hear words silently spoken nor will the mind be able to grasp their meaning. May the humility of my glances confess my faults for me; and, if I drop my head, it is to contemplate the cruel moment of my end.

VERSES

When my life approaches its end, a moment of pain and shame and confusion, I will rise up but with my eyes still lowered to the ground, in recognition of the error of my ways. Even if I do make every effort and drive from my eyes the sleep-dust of indifference, I will still have to face the fact of my powerlessness and that I fear to be disappointed in my hope; all the more will I feel it, having slipped so seriously from grace in my past and finding myself tomorrow amongst penitents at the moment of death. What use can I glean from my knowledge and experience, when my eyes have no hope of ever seeing the light of day again? And so, let a salutary fear guide my steps from this day forward! Let us hurry, since haste is inherent in man.

ALLEGORY V The Water-Lily

Ever sad in hue and languid in looks, the water-lily spoke thus:

You who indulge yourself in sorrow, look closely at my petals' pallor and see if I can hope to escape the unbending decrees of fate. I submit to my misfortune: but I do not renounce love. If you are in love, you, who listen so keenly to my advice, be discreet and act with caution. Gardens are my home and watery places are my bed of rest. My love is for limpid flowing water and I never leave it, morning or evening, wintertime or summertime. And, stranger yet, tormented by my love for this water, I sigh for it ceaselessly, I follow it endlessly, driven without mercy by the burning thirst of desire it inspires in me. But have you ever seen such a thing! To be in water and yet to be consumed by an utterly scorching thirst.

At the dawn of day, I unfold my golden flower-cup and a thousand jealous hands descend on me; but, when night drapes the earth in shadows, the water draws me into itself. Set free, my bowl of petals leans downwards; I immerse myself, and the water rises up to cover me; I retire to my sanctuary of green and return to my solitary thoughts. My bowl, sunk down beneath the water, contemplates, like a watchful eye, the source of its salvation, and heedless people no longer know where I may be.

No troublesome intruder will ever part me from the object of my desire. Besides, wherever my desires take me, I see that water is always with me: if I come asking her to dampen the fire that inflames me, she will give me her gentle liquid to sip; if I ask her for shelter, she will softly take me in. My existence is completely bound to hers, and the life of my flower depends upon her presence, close to mine. In the end, it is only through water that I can reach up to the height of perfection; all worth in me I owe to worth in her. Never will you see me separate from my adored one, for without her I could not, in truth, exist.

VERSES

Love has covered my body with the faded garb of languor; my mind, tortured by the passion which stirs it, is sunk in the blackest of sorrow. When love lets its arrow fly, I always seem to be the first target. The cruel beauty whom I worship only

feigns closeness and stirs up in my heart a love that tortures and tears it in two. I live only for her and for her I would die; yes, love itself will make me ready for this glorious death! It says to me, dream only of love if you would enjoy the happiness I hold out to you. At the point of the lance I defend this divinity from anyone's approach; yet it is only if you brave my hidden sting that you will know the delights that I bestow. So do not be distressed by the stabbing wound of the arrow, do not be diverted by the pain; for the end is only happiness. Follow those lovers who died of love for the divine beloved, yet found the fulfilment of their desires. When the children of Israel, prostrate with fatigue from their Red Sea crossing, heard on Mount Sinai these gentle words, 'I am he who is', they had no more regret of their terrible trials and pains.

ALLEGORY VI The Egyptian Willow

When the trees saw that the willow with its supple boughs was alone forever swaying, they mocked the softness of its swing and spoke harshly of its pride and self-indulgence. Then the willow shook its feathery branches once more and spoke out in the silent language: What is there to reproach me with? Can anyone blame me for my trembling leaves and the shimmering of my branches? It is for me that the earth unrolls its many-coloured carpets, it is for me that the fields unfold their finery and the early morning breath of the zephyr sweetly spreads its delicate aroma. When I notice that plants and flowers are starting to stir, that the earth is moving and coming to life, that the trumpet is sounding the promises made to me by God, the keeping of which dissolves all threats foisted on me, when I see my own blooms are about to open, that the rose has come and the winter has gone, that flowers shine in the most sparkling of colours, the grain is starting to grow and that vegetables destined for the sustenance of man are surging upwards to let him live, then I rise to the knowledge of the Creator, the Lord of all things, and avow that he is unique,

almighty, eternal; that he has need of no one yet no one can be without him, let alone take a share in his glorious empire; that he does not beget nor is he begotten and none is like him. It is because I know this that my highest of heights ripple with rejoicing at the inward vision which makes for my delight. It is because of this that the nightingales voice happiness for me on my trembling boughs. Then, through the working of the Grace of God, the source of my faith, I reflect on the very nothingness of my being; and, frightened lest I fail in my purpose, I incline my boughs towards the rose, announcing thus to her my awakening; and while my falling flowers emphasise the elegance of her dress, I ask of her the reason for my existence.

We are exactly alike, she replies: If your branches in bowing would seem to be in prayer to the Most High, mine could be said to be prostrate in adoration; if your beauty lies in the green of your foliage, mine is in the roseate colour of my cheeks. Brother, let us not wait for the eternal fire to consume us; let us throw ourselves into the flames and offer ourselves in sacrifice.

I answered her: If such is your wish, if you pine to perish, I raise no rebuke, and I can bear no separation. We will be torn out together from the very midst of the flowers that are our companions; we will consign ourselves to a scorching fire, whence our spirits will be released but our tears will be made to flow without pity. Our bodies perish but our souls remain; our outward beauty vanishes but our essence lives on; who can doubt the chasm between what we were and what we are now becoming!

VERSES

The rose had already come; she was showing off the loveliness she possesses when the wisp-waisted willow turned toward her in plaint of the violent love that had smitten him; and he gracefully bent to breathe the delights of the perfume she exhaled. The rose, sharer in his pain, said to him: We are close companions and prey to the same ardour; we are as one, our essence is the same. How many times have we not

experienced the most terrible torments of the flames? But never has my friend lost sight of the source of his passion, nor have I forgotten the object of mine. How many times, too, have not greedy hands ravished us of our still greenening foliage? How hard it is to understand how deeply the cruel flames torment us within and what furnace it is in which our hearts are consumed! Fire separates our spirit from our bodies, it works to sap us of strength. The pain we complain of is the same, although for each of us our loved one seems to be different. I swear by him who rests enthroned for all eternity, and my oath is a true one: from my pain's expression, may all those of sensibility, hearts free of evil, draw substance for reflection: yesterday I was like a rising moon; today I am as a disappearing star.

ALLEGORY VII The Violet

Then, plaintive with the pain of those seared by separation, the violet sighed and in its secret language spoke these words to me:

How worthy of envy are those who lived their life as happy people and died as martyrs! Why must I fade away pining with grief, my body so slender and sad? The unbending decrees of fate have wasted me, leaving me no texture and no strength; the harsh toll of time has barred me from blooming, dealing me pitiless death. How short were the moments of life's joy for me, how long have I suffered here, sapped and stripped of all my leaves!

As soon as my bud begins to open, people come to pick me and tear me from my roots, leaving me hopeless of reaching full richness: and there is no lack of people to abuse my frailty and handle me with harshness, untouched by my brightness and the beauty of my bloom. I bring joy to those near me, I please those who notice me; but in less than the passing of a single day, I cease to be seen as special; so soon after they have sung my praises, I am sold for the lowest price; so soon after being revered for my riches, I am found to be flawed; in the evening

the frowning face of fortune makes my petals curl and fade; in the morning I am no longer lush and lovely.

It is then that I become of interest to medical men, studiously devoted to the natural sciences; it is with my help that they can disperse illness in the body, it is with my help that they can calm chronic pain; they temper the humours and cure many of the ills that beset humanity. When I am fresh, I offer humankind the pleasure of my perfume's sweetness and the charm of my bloom; when faded, I restore them to health. But these very people are oblivious to my most precious powers; the secrets, insights of God-given wisdom, hidden virtues within me, receive not a passing reflection. Yet for him who would meditate and learn, I am a most suitable case for study; the lessons to be drawn from the way of my life could not fail to touch anyone not deaf to the voice of reason. But alas, my urgings are useless.

VERSES

I looked at the violet with admiration; its flowers on their stalks brought to mind for me an army, an emerald infantry whose sapphire-studded lances could sever the heads of enemies in a single stroke of skill.

ALLEGORY VIII The Wallflower

Then the wallflower, proud of its colours, spread its own sweet perfume and spoke:

Why let oneself be seduced by the joys of a life that is torn away when least expected? Why ring out in rejoicing for the gift of existence that is cursed a thousandfold with constant misfortune? If you wish to learn, look closely at my drooping stalk, my fading colour, my transient life and the all-too-brief

shining of my freshness. The track of time is told in my colouring, once one shade, now three, and each one tells a story.

The first of my flowers wears yellow, the garb of love's sadness; the second shows herself in the white of anxiety, induced by the torments of parting; and the third has a veil of blue, a sign of the sorrow that consumes her. As for the white flower, her petals have no sparkle or scent; people pass her by, senses unstirred, and no one comes to lift the veil which covers up her charms. She purposely keeps her secrets hidden, presses her perfume to herself, so skilled in the shielding of her treasures that no will or wind is wise to them. But the yellow flower sets out to seduce and so she wears a sensual, soporific air, spreading her perfume morning and evening, dawn and sunset releasing the aroma on her breath.

VERSES

Never can the zephyr, soft and full with scented mists, arise from the plain where your beloved tent is standing and not bring me pain that streams the tears from my eyes. Alas, if you did not live in this sacred retreat, no deadly arrow would ever have pierced my breast. You have enslaved my heart! I offer it up to you, I lay down my arms. Oh, do not torment me with the cruelty of more sorrow!

Can you reproach me for confiding my pain to the zephyr when I am so pressed by the desires of love?

Do not blame me, O my brother, when I tell of the ardour that may be my downfall. The lover who betrays his secret is guiltless, broken open only by the force of his desires.

* * *

As for my blue flower, it suppresses its passion, bears its pain with patience and never breathes forth perfume in the daylight hours. It says: while the sun spreads its light, my secret stays hidden from those who love me and I lavish no scent on those who would smell it; but as soon as the night veils me in its

shadows, I open the treasures to my friends and weep of my pain to those who suffer the same grief. When the drinking-cups are passed around, I drink in my turn; and when the moment seems right, I exhale my night breath and spread for those close to me a scent as sweet as the company of a comforting friend.

Every time that my presence is sought, I assent at once to the invitation; and whenever I suffer at the hands of the hard-hearted, I make my plaint only to God. Do you know why I withhold my perfume by day and remove my veil only at night? It is because lovers choose for their rendezvous the darkness and the mistress waits till dark to show herself to her lover. At this happy moment, no rival makes his troublesome presence felt, nothing stands in the way of access to the divine friend; so as soon as she shows a concern for her lovers, I send her my sighs, like so many love-letters, and let my humility itself speak for me.

VERSES

I send to my mistress the burning sighs of my love, I waft her with my awe. That sweet moment of happiness at which I aim can only be won if my humility and purity of purpose can speak for me; I have no other intermediary. Whether my friend accepts my homage or rejects it (I am powerless in that), my love, at least, will never waver.

ALLEGORY IX The Jasmin

With an eloquence evoked by its silent language, the jasmin then said this:

Despair is an error. My penetrating perfume eclipses the scent of the other flowers so that lovers choose me to offer to their mistress. I am drawn from the invisible treasure of

divinity, yet my resting-place in the end is on a pin that holds a dress in folds across the breast.

Whoever's heart is open to the charms of a life spent in contemplation will know that the air is ever sweetened by my breath. Whoever is at a powerful love's mercy can never be blind to my bloom. My perfume, I repeat it, eclipses that of all flowers, the scented breath that escapes from my breast surpasses that of all others.

Only he who is truly pure is truly religious; and if he is what he aspires to be, he is worthy of eminence and distinction. You who desire to reach the heights of inner knowledge, look to earn merit and acquire virtues, these are rungs on the ladder of inner life; but if you dare not step down the path of the mystic, do not look for that especial protection that truth grants to those who embark upon it.

My name is a riddle; its meaning can only please those new to the spiritual life; it is made up of two words, *yas*, despair and *min*, error. But despair is an error and error is shame; yet when despair and error are united, they signify the end of misfortune, they forecast felicity and joy.

VERSES

In the receiving of jasmin, I am given an omen of happiness ahead of me. Cease to sorrow, for sorrow is tinged with shame; and do not despair. For despair is itself an error.

ALLEGORY X The Basil

Now, said the basil, is the moment when my flower adorns your garden; therefore give me your orders and take me as one of your party. My fresh, delicate leaves themselves bespeak my rare qualities; just as dancing would be dull without the sound

of instruments, so the spirit could not be gladdened without me, who serve to give it strength. I am promised a place with the elect in paradise; of all colours, the most harmonious is mine; in form I have no equal. A precious perfume is locked in my breast; penetrating to the innermost heart, it is known to those who come to pick me from my flowerbed. I am friend of the streams, companion of flowers. I share the secrets that are told by moonlight and I am the most faithful guardian of their tellers. You may have heard, however, that among my relatives there exists an informer (the mint); but I ask of you not to reproach him; he has only his own scent to spread, the only secret that he shares is his own, what he reveals is what he has discovered himself. If he has treasures to show, it is his right to lay them open to daylight; if he spreads forth his smell, is he then forbidden to put to it his name? Yet this is all that has earned him the injurious name of informer! To be indiscreet about oneself is not comparable to indiscretions with others' secrets; nor can the man who is prodigal with his own possessions be compared to those whose perversity does evil to all. Be that as it may, all men agree, nothing is more worthy of blame than the forfeit of trust. Think of it, my brother, and farewell.

VERSES

O you who would penetrate the secret of my love, cease striving, I beseech you, and leave me to my passion! The sweet secret confided to me by my friend I received in trust, so why would you have me divulge it? I do not speak out of my turn.

ALLEGORY XI The Camomile

Enchanted with its own delights, the camomile sang its own

praises in these words:

Now is the time of my coming, now is the season when I add my finery to the fields, when my leaves are full green and my beauty is all the softer and more pleasing. How could the days when my flower is open be anything other than delight? These streams, named so often in the Koran, do they not come to bathe my stems? My annual charity, how could I fail to pay it gladly, since, without any effort of my own, I am the beneficiary of all that surrounds me? No, it is my welcome duty to pay. My white petals make me stand out from afar, while my centre is a soft, languid yellow. The contrast between these colours can be compared to the contrast between verses of the Koran; some are clear and others are subtle.

If you have the ability to understand these symbols, rise up and take profit from those that are offered you; if not, then sleep, since you cannot perceive what nature is spreading out for you here in her charms; but let it be known that such ignorance can have no excuse.

VERSES

Do not lay the blame on me if you cannot grasp the hidden meaning of what I tell you and if you do not understand the mystery of the emblems that I use. It is purely through compassion for you that I speak in the expressive language of allegory. But I speak in vain, your ear is deaf to the lessons that I teach. What, can you not extract at least some useful instruction from my seeming death, which happens every year, from cruel torments which fate makes me suffer? You have often come to admire me when my open flower shone with the softest brilliance; you came soon again, but you did not then find me. When I tell my sorrows to the doves of the woodlands, they lighten my troubles and seem to echo my lamentations, for they are not blind to the thousand deaths I may die.

You take this plaint of pain to be a song of pleasure and desire, and it is joy you experience as you stand on the lawn that is studded with my flowers. Alas. Too bad if you can't tell my gladness from my sorrow!

ALLEGORY XII

The Lavender

When the wild lavender saw the trials and torment suffered by the flowers, either pressed into bunches or left lying, abandoned in contempt, she said:

Oh, how lucky I am not to be a bloom that decorates the flower-beds. I run no risk of falling into vile hands and I am spared the comments of critics. Contrary to the custom with other flowers, nature has me growing far away from streams and far from moist, grassy hills. Like wild animals, I keep well away from civilisation, the desert and the wilderness ever my home; I like to be in isolated places, I am never one of a crowd. Since no one sows me or tends me, no one can reproach me with any care spent on me.

I am not picked by the hand of a slave nor am I given to the gambler or the vain or frivolous man. If you come to Najd, you will find me there; there, far from human dwellings, I have a vast plain to make me happy, the absinthe is my company, my solitary pleasure the gazelle. The wind picks up my perfume and carries it to those devout ones who have, like me, retired from the world, and spend their time only in pious exercise; I can say that only those smell my scent who have a passion for the contemplative life and, filled with a true and burning love, have the piety of the Messiah, the patience of Ishmael. Morning and evening, I am companion to the pilgrim who crosses the desert. The company I enjoy is that of good people, I am sheltered from the bad. I am not forced to take part in illicit meetings and I am never near to men who drink themselves senseless. I am like a free man, who can never be bought. I am never put up for sale in the markets, like a hypocrite who counterfeits his religion. I am not sought after by libertines, but appreciation I receive from those who, with an unshakeable resolution, wholeheartedly take determination by the reins and guide it towards spiritual things. I wish you could be in the

desert when, close to me, the morning breeze blows up and down the valleys. The fresh sweetness of my scent is the perfume of the solitary bedouin; my moist breath gladdens the senses of those lying close to me. When the camel driver extols my rare virtues to the parties in passing caravans, they cannot help but feel moved and mindful of my merits.

VERSES

The zephyr comes to carry me sweet words from the lavender and greetings from the absinthe. My love is crowned with success: I gather this from their figurative speech. Happy state! May it last forever! The breeze moves on in to the mystery of night and, while my companions are in a deep sleep, it wakes me gently. Its scented and refreshing breath stirs feelings in me which intoxicate me. The zephyr, ever laden with sweet-smelling scents and, by divine grace, possessed of finest qualities, surrounds me with its humming breath, that echoes my sighs of love; and my passion takes strength anew. I wander in search of that perfumed wind, immersed in the purest of joy and love, and the very lightning seems to smile at my raptures. The zephyr passes through the countryside of Najd and, as if in respect, the bending branches bow before him. By their plaintive cooing, the doves of the neighboring grove remind me of those beloved tents and pavilions to which so many eager lovers run to receive the reward for their steadfast love; it is there that the idol, invoked by my sighs, unveils that radiance whose splendour dispels the darkness of the night.

ALLEGORY XIII The Anemone

The anemone, which, even in the very midst of its companions, is branded by its petals' blood-red tint, now gave a sigh

and, straightening its stem, seemed to speak these words:

Why are the praises lavished on other flowers so rarely given to me, when my beauty is radiant and my colour so pleasing to the eye? Why? No one tells my charms, no one wishes to pick me. What is the cause of this marked indifference? I feel proud of the rich colours of my garment, yet those who catch sight of me then disregard me; I have no place in the drawing-room vases; and worse than that, my sheen and my scent seem equally obnoxious. Among the flowers which decorate the flower beds I am given only the last place and even *they* throw me out of their midst and bar me from their gentle companionship. As I see it, all this can only be because my heart is base; but what can I do to fight the decrees of providence! So, seeing that I am full of flaws within and that my heart is tarnished by vices, and knowing that the All-High pays attention to inner qualities, not to outer form, I realise that my very pleasure in my own striking beauty is why divine favour is denied me.

I am like the hypocrite, whose outward behaviour is beyond reproach but whose soul harbours vileness: outwardly, his merits deserve lauding to the skies, inwardly he is but nothing. If within I could be as I am without, I should have no cause for complaint and, if God willed, I could be an object of respect and could offer to the senses a heady fragrance; but good can come only from those who are truly good. And so it is that only they wear the signs of grace whose homage has been accepted by the divine mistress. Let them lament their pain and shed countless tears, those sunk in sorrow at the scorn of their divine friend, those who will never know the true essence of this divine beauty.

VERSES

Do not blame me if I tear my clothes; your reproaches would only make worse the pain I suffer because of love. The errors of my ways have blackened my soul and a bitter fate has sentenced me to misfortune. Those who see me admire me. But alas! My creator knows that I harbour the heart of a hypocrite: outwardly I am beauty itself but vices are hidden in my guilty breast. Shame of the last day when I step forward for

questioning! Alas, I will have no excuses to bring. Oh, if you were to lift the veil that hides my baseness, you would see joy reflected on the faces of those that hate me.

ALLEGORY XIV The Cloud

When the moment seemed right for the cloud to speak in its silent language, it shed some tears, spread its wispy pillow and, floating in the hazy air, it seemed to say these words:

Plants, can you be oblivious to the prize that I pour on you, I who help you grow by my shade and showers! Are you not the children of my bounty? Could you even exist without me? Thanks to my giving, are the fields not covered with golden ears of corn, is the sea not a-shimmer with sparkling pearls?

When you are only germs of plants, I feed you in your mothers' bosom and slowly I free you of all that would hinder your growth. Later, like a pregnant woman, the seeds bring forth their own and it is I who help them take shoot from their sandy shallows, I who promise them care and give them nurture; like the udder of the camel heavy with milk, my breast ceaselessly pours forth favours, willing them the water that is vital for their growth. But when suckling is over and weaning-time comes, I bar them from my breast; but then they soon shrivel and only the copiousness of my tears revives them, only the waterfall of my weeping gives them back freshness once more. All beings that exist are in truth my children; does not every tribe know this passage from the Koran: "To every creature we have given life by means of water!"

VERSES

When I look upon this spring pavilion, my mistress's former

home, empty today and uninhabited, I cannot help shedding tears akin to those of your soft showers. While the lover lets fall tears of joy, the lightning seems to smile and the zephyr, carrier of hope, brings sweet news to his ear; he then sighs with love, turning towards the half-crumbled ruins that formed his lady's home. Don't reproach him his love, do not point down his passion, you can bring no remedy for his ills. As for you, cast aside these violent desires; a burning passion, a consuming grief, is all that you would reap.

ALLEGORY XV The Nightingale

As I sat by the river which wound through the garden, intent upon the wordless speech of the flowers which enriched it, eloquent voices suddenly arose from the swaying nests in the tops of the trees, in whose shade I was sitting. First I heard the melodic tones of the nightingale which, set to seduce by the beauty of his song, now gave voice to the secrets he had carefully concealed. His enigmatic warbling seemed to lisp these words:

I am a lover in the throes of passion, drunk with love, devoured by melancholy and consumed by the thirst of desire.

When you see spring come and the whole of nature starts to smile, that is when you will find me in the gardens, brimful with joy; that is when you will catch sight of me here and there in the groves, sighing my love, singing my song and flitting constantly through the branches.

If I am offered the cup, I quench my thirst and, happy with the harmonious tones of my voice, intoxicated by the balmy scents that I breathe, I sway with the rhythm of the branches whose wavering leaves tremble at the zephyr's caress; the flowers and the stream that crosses the grassland are ever in my consciousness, an endless source of joy. And because of this you imagine that I am some lighthearted lover. You are wrong; to this I swear and I do not swear lightly. My song has the tune of suffering, not joy. The sounds that I make are cadences of

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sorrow, not those of rapture.

Every time that I loiter awhile in a garden, my murmuring message is of the affliction so soon to replace the gaiety that reigns there. If I am in a pleasant place, I lament its imminent destruction; if I see a brilliant gathering, I grieve at its dissolution. For never have I known of a joy that lasts; the sweetest peace is soon disturbed, the most idyllic life will all too soon turn sour. Be sure, I have read these very words: "Everything passes in this world". How, then, not to bewail all things so uncertain, an existence exposed to the shiftings of fortune, a life that fades, an instant of ecstasy so soon snuffed out? This is why I act as I do. I think you can accept it.

VERSES

All that has meaning for me in my life is my chance to speak of that sacred place, the unapproachable arbour of the one whom I adore. Do not blame me for ceaselessly repeating my songs of love; what mere mortal could fail to be intoxicated at the thought of a garden where strong-scented plants fragrantly perfume the air; where delicious wines set the senses astir, where the ground is a multi-coloured carpet of flowers unsurpassed in charm and beauty, here snow-white or brilliant red, there softest green and yonder deepest yellow! It is as if the stream, flowers and branches move to the sound of my lyre's strings in the sanctuary of my love. Burdens cease to bar the way and at last I can perceive the coming of that moment of bliss . . . Sweet thoughts, you are my life; without you it would be nothing.

ALLEGORY XVI The Falcon

From the grounds of the hunt the falcon at once spoke out:

For someone as tiny in size as you, he said to the nightingale, you are hugely errant in your ways: your ceaseless singing tires the other birds; it is the excesses of your utterings that draw misfortunes upon you and you fail to learn from your lot. Are you unaware that man himself is lost by those very thoughts of which the tongue is guilty? Indeed, were it not for your tactless utterances, you would never be torn from your companions and imprisoned in the narrow confines of a cage; nor would the door of deliverance be ever now closed to you. Tell me, are the misfortunes that cover your eloquence with shame not rooted in your tongue?

If, on the other hand, you took me for your model and tried to keep your own counsel, as I do, then you would be above reproach; then you would realise that this worthy quality is the lifeline to salvation.

Look at me! See how faithful I am to the rules of silence. What do I say! Merit for me is the very discretion of my tongue, my perfection the observance of my duties. Though by force I have been torn away from the desert and brought against my will to a far-off land, never do you find me revealing my deepest thoughts; nor will you see me weeping over remnants that remind me of a loved one. Instruction is what I seek on my journey; and I have been found fit for reward whenever I have been put to the test; for according to the proverb, it is the test that decides whether someone is worth honour or contempt. When perceiving the treachery of time and fearing that hatred may move me, my master covers my eyes with the hood, I understand his actions by the words: Do not extend your sight. The gag he uses to tie my tongue, is explained thus: Do not be free with your tongue; and the shackles he binds me with also find allusion in the admonition: Do not walk the earth with petulance in your step. I suffer from being bound this way, yet I do not complain of the ills I endure.

When my eyes have long been covered by the hood and I have learned what is deemed I need know, when I have come through my trials and developed some skill, then my master is happy to use me for the hunt.

Delivering me from my bonds, he throws me, making the signal that appears in the Koran, when God said to the Prophet: "We sent you". The hood is only removed from my

eyes when I am adept in executing what I have been taught; it is then that kings become my servants and their wrists are beneath my proud feet.

VERSES

I forbid my tongue an excess of speech, I forbid my eyes the spectacle of the world: menacing death, each day ever closer, makes me oblivious to the sweetest raptures. My only concern is to make my own the manner of princes and to practise noble acts. It is from the king's wrist I take off for my flight; aiming for my prey, I seize it at once in my victorious talons and am ready, at the slightest sign, to return to Him who sent me.

My life should serve as a guide for all those who would bow to the sacred laws of submission to faith.

ALLEGORY XVII The Dove

Still absorbed by the welcome words of the falcon, I was meditating on the lessons of wisdom and prudence he had given me when I saw before him a dove in the collar of obedience. I said to her: tell of your 'tasting' and of your 'yearning'; reveal the purpose of Providence to me, in adorning you with that beautiful chain. She replied:

The carrying of tender messages that win hearts is my charge, and my faithful completion of the tasks entrusted to me is signified by this collar. Indeed, if I may speak frankly, since religion wills sincerity, not every bird is deserving of trust, just as an oath is not always an assurance of truth and not every taker of the spiritual path is assuredly of the elect.

My kind alone does exactly as told and my integrity is proved by this proverb: black-and-white birds, as well as green ones, faithfully deliver whatever is entrusted them, for their inner

form is as superior as their outward bearing.

A bird that is black is not fitted for the function, while all-whiteness is the sign of some deep imperfection, an apathy that prevents him from doing what needs to be done. (Noble aims and aspirations are found only in pure and noble unswerving souls.) But when the colour of a bird is a perfect blend of both, as a carrier he is peerless and should be raised up to this role. He can be bought where merchants cry their wares, in markets, and be brought to gradual awareness of his way. So, whenever I offer to carry a message, do not be loath to put letters, filled with secrets, in my care or to trust me with pleasant tidings.

I set off; but soon my mind is racked with worry; for I must avoid the bloodthirsty bird of prey, that swift traveller and merciless hunter. So I speed my flight, ignoring scorching thirst in the southern deserts, cold to cruel hunger in the rocky wastes. Yes, should I even catch sight of a grain of wheat, I hasten onwards, despite my great need, ever mindful that it was wheat that brought terrible misfortune on Adam. And, in my fear of failing to arrive with the letter, thus becoming a party to dire deception, I take great care to escape ensnarement, in nets hidden by dust or in perfidious lakes. As soon as I reach my desired journey's end, and find myself secure in safety, I relinquish my load and act as I have been taught. So now you see why I am graced with a collar. I was born to be bearer of happy tidings and I thank God that he chose me.

VERSES

Beloved friend, may I hope for even the smallest favour or have you grown weary of me? Whatever you say, the slave of your beauty will not fail to be faithful; he is not swayed by censorious sentiments; and nothing could make him renounce his noble passion. For the sake of your love even the loftiest peaks do not daunt me. Yes, I shall stay loyal to the sermon I swore to you. Keeping faith with one's promises is the finest trait that can grace a well-born man.

Let him surrender to the love of the beauty who holds him captivated; for your lot is the same as his, O you who reproach him so cruelly.

ALLEGORY XVIII The Swallow

As I talked with the dove of the qualities which one needs to acquire perfection and how to perfect these qualities, I glimpsed a swallow wheeling around, above a cottage; at once I said to her: It always surprises me to see you near houses, seeking out the companionship of man; would it not be wiser to keep with your kind, to savour sweet freedom in the fields instead of shackling yourself to our dwellings? Why do you settle close to civilisation, in places inhabited by man?

She replied:

Since your thoughts are so unsubtle and you are so hard of hearing, let me try to tell you why I do what I do and why I cannot keep company with other birds. If I have abandoned my own kind, if I have sought out beings of another species, if I have chosen the rooftops to be my home, not the boughs and the hollows of trees, it is because, in my eyes, there is nothing so alluring as an alien way of living, one of elegant manners that I wish to acquire. I mingle with beings who are not of my kind because that allows me to be the stranger; I seek the company of my betters so that I may benefit from the goodness within.

By continuously living the life of the wanderer, I have contact with learned folk. And the stranger, far from home, is always treated with kindness, the recipient of courtesy and charm. When I settle on a house, it is with care that its owners are in no way inconvenienced; I confine myself to building my cell, made from things that I find by the side of streams, and only in deserted places do I look for food.

Never do I harm him whose home I share; far from it, whenever there is a crossing of paths, I stand by all courtesies that one neighbour must show to another. And yet he does not provide my keep. By my presence, I swell the size of the

household, but I do not ask to take a share in their bread; careful to claim no part of their goods, I am assured of their affections. For, if I wanted to divide their food with them, they would drive me from their homes. I keep their company but I leave when they dine. I join them in prayer but never at their meals.

I wish to partake of their fineness, not their food; it is their inner qualities I covet, not their outward show; their worth, not their wheat, is what I seek. It is their friendship I desire, not their grain.

I model my behaviour on the words of the one to whom the Almighty deigned to reveal His will (may God look on him kindly and grant him salvation): If you can pass by the pleasures of this world, you will enjoy the friendship of God; if you can pass by the possessions of men, you will win their affections . . .

VERSES

Yes, shun the possessions of others and everyone will love you. Do you not see the swallow! She never touches our provisions; so we welcome her home, like a ward that one hugs to one's heart.

* * *

It was a pleasure to hear your eloquent speech, I said to the swallow: How fortunate you are. Your reasoned conduct is worthy of praise. Your words are filled with wisdom and I will take heed. Farewell.

ALLEGORY XIX The Owl

A moment later the owl spoke up from his sad retreat in a

solitary hovel:

True and sincere friend, do not listen to the swallow, nor try to live as she lives. For, though none could suspect her of feeding from your table, it is certainly true that she steals a share in your pleasures, your joys, your celebrations, it is true that she lives in your midst.

Now, as you will know, anyone who mingles with people cannot help but become a part of those people; however short his stay, he will have learnt much of their ways; just as a single drop of rain is the unsuspected source of a raging torrent, so is society the root of crime; no place is it, then, to invest one's happiness.

Only in retreat are true happiness and peace to be found. Ah, he who takes refuge there need never fear the distractions of envy!

Follow my example and look for loneliness: leave the sumptuous palaces and those who live in them; discard all delicacies and those who eat them. Take heed of what I do. I do not live in your houses, or take part in your gatherings. A hole in a crumbling wall is my solitary abode, and I would rather have ruins than places that are tended by man. There, far from companions, my friends and my intimates, I am safe from torment, protected from pain and have nothing to fear from the envious. How can he whose dwelling will one day turn to dust carry on living with other men? Each new day and night takes new tolls of his life, yet he will not be content with a hovel. He who has the fortune to understand that life, which seems long, is really so short and that all that moves onward moves on to destruction, will choose a hard mat as his couch, instead of the night-time luxury of a bed; he will be content to have barley-flour bread as his food and will shun, when he can, the pleasures of the world, mindful that paradise will become home for some, while others are thrown into hell.

For my part, I have looked at this life and have seen that devastation is imminent; I have then turned my gaze to the life that comes after and have seen that it is almost upon us. Remembering, then, God's terrible calling to account on the Judgment Day, I began to meditate upon the soul, its potential for goodness, its capacity for evil. It was then, as I reflected upon my life and thought deeply about myself, that I decided to

abandon a world whose offerings were all empty; I forgot my duties towards my kind, I forgot their duties towards me; I forsook my family and my possessions, I laughed at the lofty castles. Soon faith took the blindfold of doubt from my mind's eye and I knew that no joy or pleasure can ever abide; that everything perishes, bar the Being to whom all owe their existence. I have raised myself to knowledge of this Being, though I can never know Him. His adored image is all that my eyes perceive, my mouth can only intone his blessed name.

VERSES

For this divine friend, I have abandoned mankind; she alone is my desire, she alone I yearn to please. For her sake, all society I shun and, guided by most true intent, I surrender myself to the purest form of Love. I shall see her, I shall hope for her; my love will not be in vain. My friends have reproached my heart's noble passion, ignorant of the feeling that fires it. Should the object of my ardour lift the veil that hides her beauty, the glow would be such as to silver the moon. My respect does not let me dare name this divinity who elicits only awe from all men. But when my violent passion can no longer be constrained, my sighs spill forth some of her glory.

* * *

I eagerly listened to the owl's advice and stripped myself of self-love; but my passions seemed to whisper: Stay, stay with me.

ALLEGORY XX The Peacock

Turning aside I saw a peacock: in drinking to the dregs from

the cup of vanity and donning a dissembling cloak, that bird is a mirror of the misdeeds of the demon, Eblis. His plumage is made sumptuous by its shifting colours but his life lays him open to a thousand kinds of suffering and never will he see paradise again (the reason being known to God).

Unfortunate bird, I said to him, how different is the fate allotted to you from that which destiny holds for the owl. All the owl's thought is for real, inner qualities while you are bewitched by external forms; you have let yourself be duped by ephemeral existence, your happiness hangs on all that cannot last.

Frail mortal who insults me, he replied, cease your reproaches and refrain from reminding one burdened with grief of what has been taken from him. Have pity on the famous one who is stripped of his distinction, have pity on the wealthy who finds that he is poor! Would that you had seen me, when I walked in Eden, stepping between limpid streams and the mellow clusters of fruits that graced it; when, free to wander, I passed inside its splendid palaces and rejoiced in the company of comely cup-bearers and voluptuous houris. I drank the praises of God; the celebration of his sanctity was my sustenance. And so it was, until my fatal destiny drew me towards Eblis, who clothed me in the cloak of hypocrisy and dulled my shining qualities to faults. At first I was horrified by his proposal. But alas! If Destiny so wishes, it wreaks havoc and misfortune, causing birds to flee their nests, even to cast themselves to the hunter.

As for Eblis, his walk was proud and his dress was the celestial clothing of God's favour; but, in the end, his own evil destiny was the way of arrogance and he refused to prostrate himself before Adam. It was after the event of his refusal that I had the misfortune to mix with this rebel angel.

He led me to crime, concealing from me the perversity of his plan; yes, indeed, I acted as his guide in Eden, while his ally the snake plotted for his ascendancy. After it all, God cast me down from the land of glory to the dwelling of disgrace, alongside of Adam and Eve and Eblis and the snake. And He said to me: This is the reward he receives who serves as guide for an evil deed; this is the price you deserve to pay for working with the wicked. God left me my plumes, emboldened by a thousand

hues, a beauty that evokes the charmed life of Eden and adds to my regrets, my desires, my moans. But as the sign of his anger he branded me with ugly feet, so that every time I unthinkingly cast down my eyes I remember my betrayal of duty.

How I love these valleys where all nature's charms merge to remind me of the place from where I was cast out and from which I shall ever be parted by the cruelty of my fate! Pleasant gardens recall for me the springtime meadows of my former home and my eyes shed for it a myriad of tears; it is then, more than ever, that I repent my errant ways and cry out in my grief.

VERSES

Delightful place, may I ever hope to see you again? Will an instant of peaceful sleep in your bosom ever be mine to enjoy? O, you who live in those blessed places, when I bade my very last farewell at the cruel moment of parting, I was almost dead with pain and chagrin. Will you never feel compassion for my hapless condition? You have driven the sleep from my eyes and bound me forever to my affliction; my body is far from you, but my spirit is there among your tents; why may my body not join my spirit there? If my torrents of tears did not wash my pain when I call to mind the lovely nights spent in ravishing places, under protecting pavilions, I should die consumed of desire. In my reverie, I thought that you promised to come and visit your faithful friend. Alas, my ardour was fired, my desire grew greater. If this painful separation is due to a fault of which I have been guilty, may my sad state today speak in my favour. But, alas! Forever past are those sweet moments and my lot is submission and modesty.

* * *

And I, moved as I was by the peacock's misfortunes, shed tears for his pain. I feel, yes, that no pain is greater than emptiness, when once one has enjoyed the fruits of the sweetest union; and nothing is more bitter than the veiling of charms that in joyful adoration one once was free to see.

ALLEGORY XXI

The Parakeet

And so the peacock sighed as he looked at his plumage, the reminder of his happiness, or cried a plaintive cry of pain when his eyes were drawn down to his feet. And there beside him I saw a parakeet, her green raiment a mark of her delicateness. She spoke to the peacock in this elegant way:

How long will you wear that sombre air? Your superb plumage is like a young bride's gown but is, in reality, the darkness of the tomb.

Your wrong judgment led you to be expelled from the place of delights you knew; this is how you have been handled for your treachery towards man, who was living in the sacred abode, and for disturbing a happiness which should have been without end.

If you gave thought to your banishment and to man, who was the cause, surely you would spend your time atoning for your wrongs, not gadding about in a garden?

Since you are guilty of doing Adam wrong in Eden, you should now be working to redeem yourself! Go and join him in his retreat, as he addresses fervent prayers to God, imploring clemency, and admit the fault you at first refused to acknowledge, in the hope of one day, with the father of men, visiting the celestial palaces; for Adam, without fail, will return to his original state and happiness will be restored to him.

Indeed, this is what was said to him, when he was put down on the grass in this world, upon his expulsion from Eden: Sow today what will be reaped tomorrow, even though *you* may not gather the fruit; and then, when all the sowing is done and your plants have begun to grow, return to the happy place you came from, despite the hostile and the envious.

Fortunate will he be who follows the example you set by your penitence; he who borrows from your behaviour will be rewarded with eternity for his home.

Do you not see in what esteem I am held when my thoughts are lofty, soaring? Disdaining the diversions of the other birds, I have given my thought to the world and its creatures and I have realised it is man upon whom I should model myself. For all other beings God created for man whilst man He created for Himself. He has attached them to Himself with indissoluble bonds and has showered them with special favours. So, even though my nature is so different, I have tried to adopt their way of life, especially speaking in their speech and eating the foods they eat. It is my happiness to speak to them; them alone I seek out; and it is my efforts to emulate them that ensure for me the esteem in which they hold me; they consider me as one of their household; and a mutual friendship unites us. Bending my way to theirs, I pray as they pray and give thanks as they do.

I am entitled to hope that they will remember me and speak well of me on the day when they appear before God; so that, having been numbered among their servants in this world, I may also be their slave in the next.

VERSES

If you seek to know me you will see I am one who really is what I seem to be. The object of my passions is a beauty possessed of brilliant and sublime perfections. She is graced with purity and sanctity of heart and her highest rank is awed and blessed. Yes, I have hope that my wishes will be granted: Mahommed, the most excellent of men, whose words could not be other than true, affirms that the lover will be united with his beloved.

* * *

This eulogy of her qualities having won for the parakeet a place in the highest circle, I said to myself: I had never studied what was signified by the ways of the animals, yet what do I see today? They are awake while I lie in the deepest sleep of apathy and indifference. Why should I not make my way to the door of

the Merciful? Perhaps this clement God may allow me access and say to me these comforting words: "Welcome is he who comes to me. I forgive his wrongs who repents."

ALLEGORY XXII

The Bat

Soon after this, the sleepy trembling bat addressed me in these words:

Do not mingle with the crowd if you yearn for the favours of the divine beauty whom you cherish. In olden times, Sham loitered long by the sacred retreat but it was only Sem whom God allowed to enter.

VERSES

It is not the blackened lance that makes us the masters of the ends we desire; it is not by the sword that we reach to higher things.

* * *

One must devote time to retreat and spend dark nights in fervent prayer. Heed what I do. With the sunrise, I retire to my solitary hole; there my mind, free of all care, surrenders to sweet thoughts. As long as the day lasts, alone, out of sight, in the recesses of my cell, I venture to visit none, and no one visits me. And yet, enlightened people love me and hold me in esteem. But when night has draped the earth in its shadows, I venture forth from my corner and elect at this time to be wakeful and to act.

It is in the deep of the shadows that the sacred doors open, the much looked-for lifting of the veil occurs and, jealous rivals unaware, the beloved receives her favourite ones alone. On the

very instant that lovers of this celestial beauty, and those unfortunates consigned to this land of exile, find their burning eyes filled with tears, she parts the curtain and shows herself upon that blessed threshold.

She summons her worshippers herself and grants them audience in secret. And it is then that they address fervent prayers to her, faltering in their weeping. And it is then that they are given the joy of hearing these sweet words: "Celestial messenger, let this one sleep but make that other wake. Tell the lover who kept his burning passion for me hidden that he may now make bold to speak it; say to this thirsty lover that the cup is full; tell him whose love has plunged him into turbulence that the wondrous moment of union with his loved one has come."

VERSES

O you whose noble passion has no other object but me, do not let reproaches drive you forth from the threshold of my door; for pledges must be lasting and love must be constant. The fame of my power, my beauty and my favours has spread through all the universe and the pilgrims have started on their journey. If you submit to my supreme dignity, sovereigns and monarchs will respectfully yield to yours. O lovers! Hasten! Here are the charger and the hippodrome.

* * *

Tiny, frail flyer, I then said to the bat, tell me why it is that you cease to see when the sun comes up and regain your sight only when it sets; how is it that this star, from which others draw light, brings to you only blindness?

Unfortunate mortal, she replied, until this time I have been busy with finding the true path and I still lack the virtues that would make me worthy to embark on it; whoever is in this state of searching and fear is dazzled by the light of the stars of spirituality; but he who has the virtues of inner life can contemplate the mysteries God deigns to reveal to him.

My condition of weakness, hesitation and doubt is due to negligence in fulfilling my duties. This is why I hide my imperfections by day and conceal myself from sight. But when night envelops the earth in its shadows, I talk with humility in secret to my friend who, moved by my misery, generously draws me from the dejection into which I have fallen.

The first kindness this celestial mistress showed me, the first favour she granted to my humble prayers, was to assign me the night as the time of sweetest meeting, and to let me join her lovers in raising my eyes towards her. And so, when those precious moments are passed, I close my eyes to shut out all others. After all, it is only right that he who has been awake all night should sleep during the day; and for eyes that have enjoyed a vision divine, it would be a crime to glance towards another object.

VERSES

A heart consumed by love for its celestial friend should beat for none other. Could you love this divine beauty and then make a vow to another? Do you not know that this alone in the world is worthy of being loved? Brother, since the one you love is without equal, if you love truly, then be without equal in your love.

ALLEGORY XXIII The Cockerel

Those who enjoy special favours from God are fortunate indeed, I then said to myself. Those who spend their time in prayer deserve to be distinguished from others. There is no way the indifferent could ever approach this divine mistress. So I was reflecting when the cockerel spoke to me in these words:

How often have I called you to your religious duties while

you stayed blinded by passions and deluded by the senses!

It is my charge to make the call to prayer, to awaken those who sleep the deep sleep of the dead and bring joy to those others who in humility and fear invoke their God. Of my behaviour you may make these allegories: the beating of my wings tells the time to rise for prayer, while the ringing of my voice serves to stir those still asleep; in the flapping of my wings I speak happiness and use my song as a summons to the temple of salvation. If the bat has elected to make good of the night, she spends the whole day in the deepest sleep, hiding herself in fear from the eyes of men; but I, I never take rest from the demands of my duties, neither by day nor by night; never do I shirk them, publicly or in private.

I divide the duties of service to God through the different hours of the day and never one passes without my fulfilling some religious requirement. It is I who make known to you the hours set for prayer. Indeed, might I say, I could never be bought for my real value, were my weight to be paid in rubies. And besides, in my fond affection for my young, I am always near them and, in their midst, love engrosses me only. True to the ruling of genuine affection, no merest morsel of food, no slight sip of liquid is taken without my companions. Far from keeping it for myself if I see a grain, I present it to them and beseech them to take it for food. So, also, I invite them to eat when I smell the aroma of what has been prepared for us. For the rest, obedient to the people of the house, I bear with patience the suffering they cause me. Gentle friend to them am I, yet they have the cruelty to sacrifice my young. I act for their good, yet they take my faithful womenfolk away from me. These are the qualities and kindness that mark me. For me, God's love is enough.

VERSES

Call on God and you will be sheltered from all fear. Trust in him and you will find happiness. But alas! Who knows how to give ear to what I say, who can grasp its full meaning and etch it into his memory?

ALLEGORY XXIV The Duck

The duck that was dabbling in the water spoke to the cockerel thus: O you with your thoughts so vile and base, you cannot, like the other birds, even take to the air, nor save yourself by avoiding misfortune; like a dead man, you are unable to travel the earth and your plight is all caused by your hovering round a permanent home! Your base inclinations make you look for waste; and, content merely to collect the dew, you neglect the copious rain. Do you not know that he who does not travel will never make a profit in his trade? And that he who stays close to the shore will never bring up pearls? If your spiritual worth were real and if your faith were stronger, you would fly in the sky and you would glide on water. See how, as master of my desires and adept in both air and water, I can walk on the earth and fly freely through ethereal domains. Beyond all, it is the sea that is the seat of my power and the mine of my treasure: I throw myself into its limpid translucent waters. I discover the precious pearls it holds and I penetrate the mysteries and wonders of God. Only he who exerts his spiritual will can know these things; but the indifferent man, who remains on the shore, will know only the bitter foam. He who plunges into this ocean without thought for its unfathomable depths will be drawn down into its whirlpool by the violence of the waves! But the man destined for happiness is taken on board of his divine friend's charity, unfurls the sails of his supplication, steers them to catch the breath of the protective zephyr and, once across the shadowed deep that hides the mysteries, drawn by His attraction-powers he ties the cable of hope at the very point where the two seas, the sea of qualities and the sea of essence, meet. And so he arrives at the very fount of existence itself, where he drinks of water that is sweeter than the purest honey.

VERSES

O you who wish to reach the highest spirituality, you will find it hard to achieve the perfection for which you hope. If you step on the way, all too soon you must submit to utter annihilation, a nothingness which can only become sweet to those whom God has given a glimpse of what He holds for his favourites. The approach-road to this celestial beloved is guarded by the spearhead and the lofty citadels are surrounded by a daunting wall of dark lances. Before the sweetness of the honey can be tasted, one must bear a sting as piercing as the wounds of arrows. How many people of noble birth wander in this sacred retreat! They endure with patience the bitter trials attached to their sublime passion. They fast and they spend dark nights in humble prayers. The violence of desire annihilates their spirit, their bodies consumed by an ardour that burns. But alas! Divine love still sees nothing but a terrible void in their hearts. The home of the good, who have fully overcome their passions, is pointless to yearn for, if you cannot conquer your own.

ALLEGORY XXV The Bee

What pretentiousness!—the bee at once exclaimed. What the duck has said of his travels is untrue, that bird is deluded indeed! How different is the truly religious man; his merit is apparent, he has no need to brag; his inner purity shows forth in his most secret actions. For sure, whoever does not succumb to conceit, whatever his worth to warrant it, adds yet the greatest value to his excellence. So do not ever say a word that your actions belie nor bring up a son that your race would disown! Learn to love light, wholesome foods and pure, natural liquids. See how my dignity finds dimension and my merit perfection

when I am able to gather the fairest of food and quench my thirst in clear water.

Would God have deigned to inspire me had I not fed on the right nutrition; had I not become enamoured of the noblest traits, walking with humility in the way of the Lord, like God's friends, and thanking him for his blessings?

I make my hive in the hills. I eat what can be gleaned from the trees without harming them, I eat what can be taken without the tiniest qualm. No architect could copy the construction of my comb. Euclid himself would profess admiration for the symmetry of my six-sided cells. I alight on flowers, I alight on fruits; and without spoiling the one or eating from the other, I draw out only a substance as light as the dew; content with this modest prize, I return then to my hive. There, leaving my work, I devote myself to my reflections and, in my prayers, I ceaselessly offer to God the tribute of my gratitude.

Urged by divine inspiration, I surrender myself in my works to the grace it is intended I attain. My wax and my honey are the product of both my knowledge and my work. Wax is the result of my labours; honey forms the fruits of all that I have been taught. Wax illuminates, honey is a salve. Some people seek the light my wax bestows, others the salutary sweetness of my honey. Only once they have suffered the gall of my sting will I release to the first my desired light, and only after ferocious fight will I give my honey to the rest. If any should try to strip me of my treasures by force, I defend them stoically from attack, should the price even be my life, and I say to myself, Take courage, O my soul! Then to him who tries to oust me from the garden that is my home, I say these words: Why come to torment me, O servant of hell!

If it is allegories you seek, there is one of value to be found in my condition. Reflect on this: you can only gain my favours by submitting with patience to the suffering from my sting.

VERSES

Bear patiently the gall of my disdain, you who wish to be one

with me; think only of my love and leave him alone who foolishly struggles to keep us apart, daring to jeer at your pain. To live the spiritual life that you say you desire, you must be able to die before your appointed hour. How hard and narrow is the path of love! To embark on it we must sever all the ties that bind us to the world. But these pains that seem so bitter are all too sweet and love lightens the heaviest load.

If you aspire to reach the goal we aim for, learn to read the allegories offered you. And if you understand, advance. If not, stay in your place.

ALLEGORY XXVI The Candle

The candle, at prey to the pain of devouring flames, shed copious tears and poured forth plaintive cries. Touched by compassion at the sound of her grief, the bee gave full ear as the candle spoke these words to her:

Why, by the cruelty of my fate, am I ever to be parted from you; you who are my mother, since my life comes from you, you are my cause, since I am your effect?

Alas, we were torn from your hive by fire, I, the wax, and the honey, my brother and companion. He shared with me your sanctuary; then the flame came to drive us out and, destroying the alliance that kept us close, put a great chasm between us. But as if this cruel separation were not enough, I am again vulnerable to the violence of fire; and, although I am innocent, my heart is burned and my body made a slave.

Lovers grow intimate by the light I give, as I dwindle towards my destruction. The people of inner knowledge, by my illumination, engage in their meditations. To spread my light, to burn, to shed tears, for this it is I am destined. Ever ready to serve and bow, in patience, to both hardship and pain, I burn up myself to bless others with light, I take torment so that they take whatever of value is mine. How then could anyone with reason reproach my pallor and my tears?

And that is not all. Clouds of moths jostle to put out my flame

and dim my very brilliance. In my anger I burn them as just desert for their daring. For it is known that evil befalls the doer and, even if moths were to swarm the earth, I still should not fear them. Just as, if the world were overrun with impious people, they would not be able to dim the torch of faith. Their blaspheming mouths try to blow out this sacred light but the Most Merciful would never permit it. This is an enigma whose meaning will be manifest to the one who knows how to decipher it.

VERSES

Light of my life, what brightness have I not received from you? Whether I take the true path or whether I stray, all comes from your blessed and adored hand. No critic could accuse me of falsity to you; no wind could extinguish the divine light with which you illuminate me.

ALLEGORY XXVII The Moth

And then the moth, half-consumed by the flame, floundering and reeling on the carpet, complained bitterly to the candle in this way:

How can it be that at the moment when I surrender my heart to your love, directing my prayers to you alone, you cast me out as an enemy?

Who gave you the right to take my life? Who has incited you to inflict death on me, your single-hearted lover, your tenderest friend?

With patience I suffer the heat of your flame; alone of your lovers I dare to brave sure death. But tell me, have you ever known a mistress enjoy taunting her friend, or a doctor who works to make worse the suffering of his patient? What! I love

you, yet you do me harm.

I come near you, and you scorch me with your blazing rays. Yet, far from defeating my love for you, your harshness serves only to increase it. I rush towards you, wretched thing that I am, overcome by my desire for us to consummate our union; but you reject me with cruelty and tear the gauze of my wings. No lover has ever experienced such a trial; never has anyone endured what I endure. And yet, despite all that I suffer, it is you alone I love, you alone that I adore. Do I not bear hardships enough already without your adding undeserved reproach?

VERSES

I came to my beloved to grieve of the torments of my heart but, instead of her allaying them, I am flung far with beating. In this way the moth pleads for union with his friend but the answer is to envelop him in devouring flames; he falls near the cruel one, overwhelmed by the ravages of fire, and deep he plunges into the abyss of sorrow. I promised myself the joy of an instant of bliss, but I did not think of the bitter pains of love. To be devoured by desire, consumed by ardour, that is the law to which lovers must submit.

* * *

When the moth had explained the cause of his suffering, in plaint of his afflictions and pains, compassion moved the candle, who spoke to him thus:

True lover, do not be too hasty to condemn me. For I endure the same torments as you, the very same pains and hardships. Listen to this most extraordinary of tales and have pity for the most violent suffering. It is not unusual for a lover to be consumed; but for a loved one to share that fate is truly strange. That fire loves me and his impassioned sighs burn and melt me; in his wish to draw near me, he devours me. He aspires to my love and wishes to be one with me, yet, once he has fulfilled his

desires, he can only exist by destroying me. Surely it is strange that a mistress should perish while her lover survives her! That her lover should have joy while his beloved has grief.

The fire then answered: O you who stand bewildered in the glow of my rays, tormented by my flame, why complain when the sweet moment of union is yours to enjoy? Happy he who drinks, with me as his cupbearer, happy his life who, consumed by my immortal flames, dies to himself to obey the laws of love!

VERSES

As the night laid its mournful veil on the earth, I said to the candle that gave me light: My heart is easily moved by the fate of my friends and when I see others shedding tears, I cannot help but weep myself.

Before pointing the finger at my sorrow, she said, listen in full to my story. If blind fortune has made you familiar with sadness, know that from me she has taken a brother, a brother endowed with health-giving balm and a sweet, untarnished flavour. Your eyes are moist with tears at the thought of the beauty whose lips are as soft and whose breath is honeyed. I am aware of your sorrow. Why will you not allow me mine, the affliction of the loss of my brother? Would I not be more worthy of blame if I withheld my tears? Fire has parted me from this cherished brother: and by fire I have sworn to end my life.

ALLEGORY XXVIII

The Crow

I was still listening to the candle's words, surrendering to the fancies they brought to mind, when I heard the lugubrious caw of the crow. Together with his friends, he is the omen of fatal separation. Dressed in mourning and, alone among men, clothed in black, he moaned as one who suffers misfortune and

bewailed the cruelty of his pain. O, one who ceaselessly laments, I said, your untimely cries come to taint what is purest and turn bitter what is most sweet! Why, from early morning, do you incessantly speak of separation, these springtime camps the target for your tirade? If you see perfect happiness, you forecast its imminent end; if you see a fine castle, you say that its place will soon be taken by ruins. You are a worse omen than Qashir for those who enjoy the pleasures of life and more sinister than Jadhira for the prudent, reflective man.

In his own defence, the crow then adopted the eloquent language expressive of his station in life:

Hapless man, he said to me, you cannot distinguish good from evil; your enemy and your friend are equal in your eyes! You understand neither allegory nor reality; the advice you are given is like so much wind in your ears! And the words of the sage have as much rein on your emotionality as the barking of a dog. And so you give no thought to your approaching departure from the vast playground of the earth for the shadows of the grave and the narrow confines of the tomb. You are heedless of the accident which brought to the father of men such burning regrets; of Noah's prophecy of the place where rest is no man's; of the fate of Abraham, the friend of God, encircled by the flames into which Nimrod cast him. Do you not know how to learn from the patience of Ishmael, on being sacrificed by his father? Or the repentance of David who so grievously regretted his crime? The exemplary piety and self-denial of Jesus the Messiah? Do you refuse to see that the most perfect of happiness has its term and that even the very purest rapture fades? That peace is broken and sweetness turns sour? Where is the hope that death does not destroy, the caution not made meaningless by destiny? Is the messenger of happiness not followed closely by the herald of misfortune? What is easy, does it not become difficult? Where is there anything that is immutable? Where is the man who passes not away? Where is the fortune that stays in its owner's hand? And what has become of that long-lived man who was the object of awe in his lifetime, or that happy mortal who was drenched in riches, or that beauty whose complexion was textured like lilies and roses?

Does death not come to claim men, one after another, and

take them from among the living? Are not the base slave and the glorious master reduced to the same dust? Has divine inspiration not suffused in the sensualist, cradled in the bosom of plenty, these words from the Koran, where God said to the Prophet: "Tell that enjoyment of this world is of little consequence in the next!" Why then speak ill of my moans and take as ominous my plaintive cawing, whether at break of day or the onset of night? If you knew your true happiness as I know mine, you would not wait to don black garb, as I have, and you would answer me with lamentations of your own: but pleasure takes up your every moment; your vanity and self-love hold you back.

As for myself, I give warning to the traveller that wherever he stops, those places will soon be destroyed. I caution the careless eater about the harmful foods of the world and I tell the pilgrim that he is approaching the end. Your true friend is the one who talks to you frankly, not the one who hangs on to your every word; the one who reprimands you, not the one who excuses you; the one who teaches the truth, not he who avenges your injuries; for whoever remonstrates with you is awakening within you virtue when it has slipped into sleep. He who fills you with healthy fears is keeping you on your guard. For my part, I have tried to imprint these same things in your mind by my dark coloured wings and my warning call. I have even made you hear my cry in the midst of your making merry. But one could apply this proverb to me! You talk to a dead man.

VERSES

I cry for the fugitive life which escapes me and I have good reason to voice my complaints aloud. I cannot help myself from crying out each time I see a caravan urged on by its driver. Unthinking people criticise me for my mourning clothes but I say to them: I am a symbol of the very thing I teach; I am like the Khatib, the preacher, who is always dressed in black. At the first sight of a springtime encampment you will see me announce in every valley its imminent departure for another

place, and then bemoan its fading traces, in plaint of a cruel absence. But only dumb, inanimate objects answer my voice. O you, hard of hearing, wake up at last and learn the lesson of the morning cloud; there is no one on earth who is spared the duty to try to glean something of the invisible world. Remember that all men are called, sooner or later. I would have been heard, if I had said these words to one living being. But alas. I speak to a dead man!

ALLEGORY XXIX

The Hoopoe

Once the crow had thus marred my moments of happiness in that garden and urged me to be on my guard against attracting hatred to myself, I stopped being absorbed by the smiling beauty that surrounded me and returned to the solitude of my thoughts. Falling into a dream, I felt myself as if inspired and seemed to hear clearly the following words:

You who listen to the silent language of the birds and complain that happiness seems to elude you, be sure that if the heart is inclined to learn, the mind will penetrate the meaning of the allegories! Then the pilgrim of this world would remain on the path and the one whom pleasures bedazzle would not stray. If the spirit were good, it would perceive the signs of truth; if conscience were capable of understanding, it would learn the glad news without struggle; if the soul opened itself to mystical influence, it would attain higher understanding; if it were known how to draw aside the veil, what is hidden would be revealed; if the life were pure, the mysteries of the invisible would become apparent and the divine mistress would let herself be looked upon. If you kept yourself apart from the things of this world, the door of spirituality would open to you. If you shed your garment of self-love, nothing else would constrict you. If you avoided the world of error, you would perceive the spiritual realm. If you cut the ties which bind you to the pleasures of the senses, certain truths would be clear to you; and if you reformed your ways, you would no longer be deprived of divine food.

If you overcame your desires, you would attain the fullness of the contemplative life; if you conquered your emotions, God would draw you nearer to Himself. He would unite you with Himself if, to please him, you sacrificed the bond to your father; and if you renounced yourself, you would find near the divinity the sweetest home.

However, far from that, you are a captive in the prison of your inclinations, chained to your habits, enslaved by desires and deluded by your senses; you are held back by your cold determination, consumed by the fire of greed and weighed down by an overload of senseless joy. A deadly languor blinds you, your blood is aroused by the impulses of unruly love, your weak will takes only half-hearted resolutions and abandons itself only to brittle thoughts.

Your corrupted spirit forces you into a state of painful hesitation and, in your perverse judgment, you see good as evil and evil as good.

Your aim should be to enter the hospice of piety, to present there the cup of your affliction and speak all your sufferings to that physician who knows what is concealed as well as what is revealed. In your burning thirst, you would hold out your wrist for him to take the pulse of your malady and to examine the nature of your fever. Then, having diagnosed fully your unhappy predicament, he would pass you over to the person whose task it is to mete out the punishments of the law. And he would bind you with the bonds of fear and strike you with the rods of indecision and hesitation, yet at the same time reviving you with the fan of hope. Then he would have you stay in the sanctuary of protection and note down in his casebook the course of your convalescence. For you he would prepare potions of the myrobalan of refuge, the violet of hope, the scammony of confidence, the tamarind of direction, the jujube of solicitude, the sebesten of correction, the plum of sincerity and the cassia of free will. He would crush them all on the surface of acceptance, pound the mixture in the mortar of patience, sieve it in the riddle of humility and purify it by the sugar of graceful action. And then, after the night-time vigil, he would give you this medicine in the calm of morning, attended by the spiritual physician, closeted with the divine friend and unknown to the jealous rival, to see if your agitation would be

appeased, your heated passions cool, your heart, lost to you by heedless living, would return to its place—and your temperament keep the balance that is spiritual health. If only your ear could learn the language of the mystery, and hear these gentle words! Has someone made a request? I am ready to grant it. This way will I know if your inner sight is striving for illumination, if you have the capacity for contemplation of the spiritual world's many marvellous and extraordinary things.

Think of the hoopoe. When her actions are right and her heart is pure, her sight can penetrate to the core of the earth and find there what is hidden from others' eyes. She sees the water that runs there as you might see it through crystal. And, guided by her certainty and sensitive taste, she says:

Here the water is sweet, while there the water is bitter. I dare make the claim that, in my tiny body, I possess that which Solomon never possessed, Solomon to whom God gave an unparalleled kingdom. I wish to talk of the skill God has given me, a skill with which not even Solomon, nor any of his kin, were endowed. Everywhere I attended that mighty monarch, kept near him whatever his pace. And I showed him the places where water was under the ground. Then one day, unexpectedly, I disappeared and, in my absence, he lost his power. He then said to his courtiers and the members of his suite:

I do not see the hoopoe. Has she abandoned me? If she has, I shall make her suffer a sad punishment, I may even offer her in sacrifice as my vengeance, if she can give no good reason for her act.

It is remarkable, is it not, that he noticed me only when I was not there to help? Wishing to make the power of his authority felt, he railed on in this same vein: I will punish her, no, I'll kill her.

But destiny said: I will send her to you, I will bring her myself. And when from Sheba I returned, entrusted with a message for the mighty king, I said to him: I know what you do not. But this only made worse his anger against me and he cried out these words:

You whose tiny body is yet filled with such malice, not content to rouse my anger by leaving my presence, you now pretend that you are wiser than I!

Mercy, O Solomon, I said to him. I concede you sought an

empire unequalled ever by those of other sovereigns but *you* must admit that you did not also ask for a wisdom the like of none other. I have brought from Sheba news that all the wise men ignore.

O hoopoe, he then said, those who know how to carry themselves with prudence can be trusted with the secrets of kings. Take then my letter.

I made haste to do this and to bring back an answer. And then it was that he showered me with favours. He made me one of his friends and I took my place among the guardians of the curtain at his door, whereas once I had not dared approach it. To honour me he then put a crown on my head, an ornament that does much to ennoble me. After this, all thought of slaying me was forgotten and verses in my praise were sung instead. As for you, if you are able to take this advice, correct your conduct, purify your conscience, restore your true nature, feel fear for the one who has brought you from nothingness and learn from the valuable lessons he gives, even when it is through animals that he does so. And know this. The man who fails to extract the significance from the sharp creak of the door, the buzzing of the bee, the barking of the dogs, the industry of the insects in the dust; he who knows not what is signified by the motion of the cloud, the shimmer of the mirage and the shading of the mist, this man does not number among the perceptive ones of the essence.

VERSES

You are sweeter to my senses than the breath of the zephyr that ripples through the gardens at night. The merest thought of you sets me astir and troubles me. Everything of beauty is like a cup in which I see your much-loved face; in every sound it seems I hear your beloved voice.

ALLEGORY XXX

The Dog

Absorbed by the charm of the birds' discourse, I was waiting to hear their answer to the hoopoe when a dog by the door, scratching out crumbs of bread from the rubbish, spoke to me in these words:

You, who have not yet lifted the veil of the mystery, you are bedazzled by the things of this world and cannot rise to the level of your primeval origins! You, pompously dragged down by the heavy garment of self-love, copy my noble actions, acquire my good qualities and, without recoiling at my low status, listen to what I will tell you of my wise behaviour. Seen from your posture, I can be only an object of contempt. But, if you care to look closely, you will see instead that I am a true fakir, a humble one. Ever at the door of my masters, I do not seek a more distinguished place; ever among men, I do not change my mode of being. I am chased out, yes, but I come back. I am beaten but I never bear a grudge. My friendship is firm and my fidelity beyond question.

I watch while men sleep and I keep a careful guard when meals are served. Yet I am awarded no pay, no food, nor even shelter, much less a distinguished place. I show gratitude when given, patience when pushed away. Nowhere am I ever to be seen complaining or crying of the harsh way I am handled. When I am sick, no one visits me, when I die, I have no coffin. If I leave one place to go to another, no one gives me food. I have no money to be passed on, no fields that can be ploughed. When I am absent, no one wills my return, even children are not sad for me. No one sheds a tear. And when I am found, no one bothers to notice me. Meanwhile I keep up my guard around men's homes and always remain faithful. Forced to feed from the rubbish outside their doors, I am grateful simply for what I have got, deprived of the favours that should be showered on me. If you find my ways pleasing, follow my example, match your actions to mine and, if you want to be like me, take my life as the model for your own.

VERSES

Learn from me how to carry out the duties of friendship and, by following my way, raise yourself up to the noblest virtue. Wretched, despised animal I may be, but my heart is free of vices. My way is to guard those who dwell in the quarter where I live, and especially I protect them at night. Always patient and even grateful, no matter my condition, I never complain of man's injustice and content myself with trusting in God alone. Regardless of these virtues, no one pays me any notice, whether cruel hunger kill me or misfortune feed me from a bitter cup of pain and sorrow. Yet I choose to endure the bad treatment that befalls me, in preference to losing my self-respect and degrading myself to beg. Yes, I fear not to say this: spurned though I am, I have more to commend me than other animals.

ALLEGORY XXXI
The Camel

The camel spoke:

You who wish to take the road to the palace of the king, take your lessons in abstinence and poverty from the dog, but learn of constancy and patience from me! For, whoever freely makes the choice of poverty, patience, too, he must strive to acquire. A poor man gifted with this virtue should be counted as one of the rich.

I complete the longest journeys, laden with heavy burdens. I brave the dangers of the desert and suffer the harshest handling, without ever losing heart. When I walk, I do not rush senselessly ahead but I, who could stave off the sturdiest man, let myself be led even by a child. My disposition being obedient and gentle, I bear baggage and loads on both sides of me. I am not treacherous nor easily disheartened. I do not become presumptuous when I overcome obstacles and difficulties do not make me turn back. I make boldly for the muddy, slippery

roads where the most intrepid other travellers would fear to tread. With fortitude I bear the burning thirst of the south and never do I stray from that path that is marked for me. At the end of the journey, with my duty towards my master fulfilled, I throw the halter off my back and make for the fields.

I take for my food what is there for the picking and can be eaten without any qualm. But if suddenly I hear the voice of my driver, I give him my bridle, and, foregoing the pleasure of sleep, I stretch out my neck, as if the sooner to reach my journey's end. If I err, my driver directs me; if I stumble, he comes to my aid; if I am thirsty, the name of my beloved serves as my water and food. I am destined for the service of man, as in that passage where it is said: "He carries your loads." And I never stop my steps till I reach the place which is the end of all life's pilgrimage.

VERSES

O Saad! If you come this way, question a heart that has penetrated the inviolable sanctuary where dwells this ravishing being. And if, in the distance, your eyes light on this sandy mound, remember that impassioned lover, troubled and torn by the tenderest love.

Camels, when we come within sight of Medina, let us stop. Never again leave this sacred enclosure. But what is this? When the valley of Al-Aqiq appears before them, they all move on, swaggering with an ostrich-strutting stride.

Brother, shed with me tears of desire for the beauty whose ravishing face puts even the full moon to shame; and when your time comes in that blessed garden, do not fail to say: Dweller of the tribe, I salute you.

ALLEGORY XXXII
The Horse

Lessons learned from the dog have made you a fakir, lessons

learned from the camel have given you patience. If you would seek out the path that leads to acts of glory, said the horse, I will teach you, in my turn, the nature of eminence and how to make real use of efforts to gain success. Even with a rider on my back who plies me with abuse, see how, with the speed of a bird on the wing, I spring forth in my flight; like the night when it spreads its dark veil across the earth, or like a rushing torrent.

If my rider is on the chase, with me to aid him he will easily reach the object of his desire. But if, on the contrary, he is being pursued, I keep him ahead and my swift gallop draws him away from his foe, who—barely touching the dust thrown up by my feet—soon loses me from sight and has to rely on others to tell him where I have gone.

If it is proven that the camel is patient, my gratitude for kindness is also well known.

The camel reaches truth at the goal he has set himself; but, as for me, I am ever the front line in the war against the infidel. On the day of battle, at the moment of attack, I spring boldly forward like one who knows no fear, ahead of the hail of his deadly arrows.

But the camel stays back, to be laden with heavy goods, or to have its baggage unpacked. The charge that I have can only be met by those who are able to keep their pledges; only those whose step is light and swift can take the road assigned to me. So I train myself for agility and get myself ready for the reckoning day. When I see a man whose own foolish heedlessness has sunk him in a drunken stupor, his recovery hopeless and he is completely distracted by the pleasures of life, I say to him:

Nothing you possess is other than ephemeral; only God's gifts are eternal. O you, who have been driven so far off from what you desire so ardently; you, set aside from that mysterious combat, look deep into nature and try to understand the Creator's purpose. Then at once set yourself a strict code to live by and set a short rein on your senses. Remember, fate has decreed the moment of your death, the number of your breaths is charted by destiny. Fear the coming of the terrible judgment day.

As for me, when the groom has put me in my harness, those who mount me have nothing to fear from my mettle. Have they

not often dined on the spoils of the hunt, their victory owed to my speed? I always leave behind whoever tries to pass me and I always pass whoever I am pursuing. I am haltered to stop me from setting about other horses; I am guided with reins so that I may not stray from the road I am called upon to follow; I am fitted with a bridle to keep my neck and shoulders elegantly upright; my rein is shortened for fear that I may forget to hold myself erect; and my feet are shod to prevent me tiring when I spring into action on the racing-ground.

The Supreme Being, unequalled in beneficence, has showered me with his bounty and has judged in my favour in his eternal goodness. Until the day of Resurrection happiness is bound to the tuft of hair that adorns the forehead of horses. As son of the wind, I have been inspired to bless and praise God. To whomever mounts me, my back bestows a glory of its own. My flank is a treasure for any owner and to have my friendship means good fortune. How often have I been goaded on into the arena without my showing any weakness! How often, after taking first prize for my speed in the race, have I not been swathed in silk, the stuff of infidels! So many times, too, have I triumphed over hypocrites and swept them from the surface of the earth! Do they have any power now, do you still hear of them?

VERSES

Come forward with a light swift step; you will find a happiness all the more precious for the trials that precede union with this beloved. Generous lovers, walk with courage in the steps of the Prophet, ennobled by sanctity in its most pure form. Those who, in their progress along the mystical path, have climbed to the heights of spirituality, they are blessed with a sight of this ravishing view that shines with the brightest radiance. It is perhaps for you, too, to join these fortunate ones who, from the dawn of existence, have tasted these sweet moments of ecstasy!

* * *

Yes, I then said to the horse, you do indeed have the finest of qualities and your actions are worthy of praise.

ALLEGORY XXXIII

The Lynx

I was lost in thought when the lynx spoke these words to me:

Wise witness of nature, learn from me about pride and right manners. Led by the loftiness of my aspirations and the boldness of my designs, I take heed of everything that can bring me closer to the object of my love. And I end by taking my seat at the side of my beloved. When I pursue my prey, I am not as swift as the horse; and when I reach it, I do not fell it in the way of the lion; I try to deceive by cunning and guile the animal it is in my sights to slay; but if I do not at once succeed, my violent anger flares. Others of my kin try to calm me down but it is not my will to listen, insensitive to right manners and kindness.

My emotion is the stuff of my weakness and impotence. Yes, whoever would be perfect but lacks the strength, whoever wants virtue but his soul will not comply, he must—I repeat, must—let the anger of conceit burst only against himself; he must take heart anew, redouble his efforts and eschew, if he is to succeed, a weakened will and poorly thought-out plans.

There is something else of value to be learned from my life but it only has meaning for the mind that can make sense of allegory; my greed adds excess to my blood and my flesh and makes me inordinately fat. Weighed down by this superabundance of bulk, I fear being caught if I am pursued; I fear defeat in the arena, if attacked. Then you will see me run from my own kind and hide at the back of my lair, there to grapple with my conscience. As corrective steps, I hold off from my habits, restraining my nature; I mortify my heart with abstinence, the basis of devotion. And when my thoughts soar and my ardour is true, my body purified of corruption, and languor banished from my soul, then I go forth from my solitary hiding-place. My infirmities gone, no longer am I fearful wherever I live and I settle in which place I please. If you think you can copy me,

travel this ground and, like me, break out of old habits for ever.

VERSES

I saw the lynx fly into violent passion when he pounced on his prey but could not bring it to ground; so must it be for the wise and generous man who walks on the path; if gentle joy of spirit, so hard to acquire, is ever to be his.

ALLEGORY XXXIV

The Silkworm

Athletic movements or abstention from refreshment are not the qualities that make a man nor, said the silkworm, is there any merit in giving away things which are made to be given away. True generosity is that which teaches the liberal giving of one's own necessities, the giving of one's very life. So, when it comes to the count, the most valuable of qualities are found among simple worms. I am but one of this many-formed species and I tend to draw close to those who show me affection.

In essence but a grain, I am gathered like the seed to be sown in the earth; sometimes men, sometimes women, keep me warm in their bosom and when this life-giving nurture has reached its term, my birth permitted by Divine Power, I emerge from this grain and show myself to the light. On the day of my birth I look at myself and see I am nothing but a helpless orphan; but man lashes me with attention, saves me from any hurtful foods and gives me always the right nutrition. My education over, I start to gain in strength and vigour and make haste to do for my benefactor what gratitude demands and return what I owe to those who have treated me well. And so I start work that is useful to man, in keeping with the words, 'Can the reward of a favour be other than a favour?'

Without pride or complaint at the hard work I set myself,

inspired by my destiny, I weave from my silken liquor a thread matchless even by those gifted with the greatest skills. For this, gratitude extends to me after my death. This thread is used to make materials which enrich those that wear them and add refinement even to the very staid. Kings themselves are proud to wear cloth woven from my cocoon and emperors seek clothes of my shining silk. Silk decorates playfellows, and gives new allure to youthful beauties whose breasts are beginning to round. All in all, it is the most sensual, the most elegant of attire.

When I have done for my benefactor what gratitude demands of me, complying thus with the rule of reciprocity, I make my tomb from the house I have woven, for within this cocoon must my resurrection take place. My work is to narrow the walls of my prison and, willing my death, I bury myself between them. Thinking only of the good of others, I give with generosity all I possess, keeping for myself only sorrow and trouble. Exposed, as I am, to the sorrows of this world, whose very foundations are unhappiness and misfortune, I am made to suffer a scorching fire and the jealousy of the neighbouring spider, unjust and unkind to me.

This spider, as it works its weaving of the most fragile of homes, not content with worry caused me by its irksome proximity, dares also to compete with me. He says: My weaving is like yours, our work has the same flaws and you and I suffer the same burning fire; it is in vain you pretend to be my superior. For shame, say I in my turn, your web is a net to trap flies and hold dust, whereas what I weave will adorn the most high-born of princes. And are you not the spider whose weakness is written in the Koran for all eternity? Has your weakness not now become proverbial? Yes, I can say it, the difference between you and me is the difference between antimony's artefact eye-shadow black and the natural blackness of the eye; as different as a full moon and a setting star.

VERSES

The secret of my spun silk liquor I owe to him that guides us

to the path of virtue and bestows on us our fortune. You who wish to imitate my work, do you really imagine that from your coarse cloth could come the rich raiment made from my precious thread? Can one, without falsehood, claim merit for oneself when one cannot be useful to others?

ALLEGORY XXXV

The Spider

You may suppose, said the spider, that my home is so fragile that I am worth naught but contempt; yet my superiority is recorded in the book of time. No one can say in reproach that care is lavished on me; nor have maternal tenderness and paternal kindness ever been mine to enjoy. From the moment of my birth, I settle myself in a corner of the house and start to weave.

I like a hovel best, and my affinity is for angles, because there one can hide and find a mass of mysterious things.

When I find a place where I can easily cast my net, I toss my sticky liquor first on one wall then the other, careful not to entangle the threads of my web. Then, through the pores of my spinneret, I secrete a slender thread that floats down through the air. And, suspended from it, upside down, I let hang limp those claws that serve me as hands. Thus anyone, deceived by this position, could truly take me for dead.

If the fly passes now, I trap it in the web spun out by my cunning and I imprison it in my hunting-snare. I know you have an honour of which I am deprived; as I cannot, like you, weave precious stuff to grace this transitory abode. But where were you on the Night of the Cavern, when I, with my protective web, hid the Prophet, the Chosen, keeping him from view and delivering him from the legions of the miscreants? I did for him then what the fugitives (from Mecca) and the helpers (of Medina) could never, ever have done. In the same way I guarded the ancient and revered Abu Bakr, who came

with him to Medina and the cavern and who followed him out in the road of honour and glory. As for you, you use your frivolous cloth only to deceive and seduce; and your handiwork, destined to drape women with empty minds and to be a diversion for unreasoning children, is forbidden to men, for its lustre cannot last, its use has no value and it confers no benefit for the Path. Alas!

How sad the man who is shunned by his mistress and from whom she takes all hope of her ever being his; whom she deprives of her favours, denying him even the pleasure of asking; whom pitilessly she expels from her presence, forbidding him to approach!

VERSES

O you who delight in sumptuous splendour and magnificent chambers, you must have forgot that this world is but a place for standing devotion. After sleeping on these luxurious beds, tomorrow you will descend to the narrow dark cell of the tomb. Your companions will be silent beings, but the energy in their silence is akin to speech. Ah, that a simple dress should be all your clothing and a spoonful or two should be all your food! Choose, like the spider, a modest dwelling and say to yourself: let us stay here and wait for death.

ALLEGORY XXXVI

The Ant

If a hostile fate lets fly its darts at you, confront it with stoic calm, said the ant. And when you see someone ready to take the spiritual path, set out before, and do not foolishly forget to take right action in that life. Take a lesson from me and see the importance of preparations and building up provisions for your future life. Look at the lofty goal that is constantly in my sight

and see how the hand of Providence has acted to gird my loins, like a slave, to save me from having to tighten, then loosen, my belt. When I emerge from non-being, opening my eyes, you can see me hastening to join the servants. With the benign assistance for my guide, I then turn to the collection of necessary provisions; and here I have advantage over even the most intelligent man, for my ability to scent extends to a considerable distance.

Back in my cell, I tidy the grains I have gathered for my food. He who makes the almond and fruits with stones to be opened inspires me to cut each grain in two equal halves; except for the seed of the coriander which, instinctively, I cut in four. This extra care is needed to stop it from germinating later. For, cut in two, it would not stop reproducing.

In the winter, when I fear that the soil's humidity may spoil my grains, I expose them to the air on a day when the sun is out, so that its heat may dry them. And so I go on. But you pretend that these measures are misguided, that they bode ill for me and that all this shows too much attachment to the goods of this world! You are wrong, I assure you.

If you knew what makes me act in this way, you would excuse me yourself and hold me in higher regard than you do now. Know that God (His is the Glory and Dignity) has armies unknown: except to him, as Exalted God has said: "No one knows the armies of your Lord, save He." But under the ground there is an army of ants, whose numbers can be counted only by God. We observe the rules of service to God, we are not attached other than to Him. We trust only in Him and our attention is on Him alone. And so from our midst he raises up those whom He wishes to set above us and he asks our submission, so our leaders may promise us blessings. These promises heard, unhesitating we go forth, without opposing. And on our departure, you could say of us thus:

VERSES

O my beloved, upon you the Peace of Allah, my farewells

spoken with tears of pain in my eyes, at the thought of separation. We shall live, I hope, and God will crown our love; but if death should strike us, we will find ourselves together in a happier life.

* * *

We make all our efforts, constantly collecting, to be useful to others than ourselves. But, prey to a thousand kinds of death, some of us perish from hunger or thirst, others fall into crevices of rocks from which they cannot escape; here a fly snaps them, there a four-footed creature or some other animal tramples them underfoot; should they escape these, there is yet a bird to make of them a meal. Some from amongst us die in sanctity, others do not attain salvation.

In the end, in accordance with His speech (may He be Exalted!): "There are believers who have sincerely kept promises made to God", we put before us all we possess and we share it equally among ourselves, with no partiality or injustice.

If you are accepted among the elect, you will be converted through the word of the Koran; but if the wings of your will fall short of lofty heights, your destiny will be a dark one.

ALLEGORY XXXVII The Anqa Bird

O you who can understand allegory, here is one which cannot fail to please you; if you think you can catch the hidden meaning of my story, listen hard to enigmatic hints which speak my secret.

It is related that one day the birds assembled and said to each other: We cannot manage without a king whom we recognise and who will accept us. So let us then look for one to whom we will be bound and, obedient to his law, we shall live in his protection, sheltered from all evil, as if shaded by a tree with lush leaves. We were told that in one of the islands out at sea lived a bird called Anqamaghrib, whose authority is accepted

from East to West; be sure he is our king, let us fly to him.

But the sea is deep, the birds were told; the road is hard and immeasurably long; you have to scale high mountains, cross a stormy ocean and face devouring flames. Please take it on trust, you could not reach this mysterious island: and even if you were to triumph over all hardships, approach to the sacred one is stopped at the sharp point of the lance. Stay therefore in your nests, since weakness is your way and this mighty monarch has no need of your praise. As it says in the Koran: "God has no need of creatures." Destiny warns you to mistrust your ardour and God gives the self-same advice.

True enough, said the birds, but the desires of love focus our hearing on these words from the Koran: "Go towards God." And so they winged their way forth through the air, as alluded to in a passage from the book: "They think of the creation of heaven and earth." They endured with patience burning thirst in the south, according to those words: "He who leaves his house to escape." They went without ever winging from their way, since, if they took to the right, despair came to freeze them, if they took to the left, flames of fear came to burn them.

Sometimes they tried to pass each other, at other times they followed passively behind. They suffered the torments of the gloom of dark nights, of prostration, and flames and faintness of heart; they were tortured in turns by the angry seas, the remoteness of the place and their isolation. At last they all came to that very island for which they had abandoned their homeland; but one by one they came, not together, featherless and thin and dismal-hearted, those birds who had been so robust when they took wing.

When they entered the domain of the mighty king, they found there all that the soul can desire and all that the eyes can hope to see. Those who were attracted to the delicacies of the table heard these words from the Koran: "Help yourself to wholesome, light food as reward for the good you did in the other life." Those who liked fine clothes and dresses were told these words: "They will be dressed in costly cloth and watered-silk clothes and will be put before each other." For those who were drawn to the pleasures of love, "We have united them with the celestial houris."

But when those given to contemplation saw the nature of this

distribution: What? they said. Will eating and drinking be our occupation, here as it was on earth? Will the lover be able to give himself over to the worship of his loved one? When will he gain the honour for which his wishes burn? No, whoever sells himself cheap does not deserve the least attention. As for ourselves, all we want is this king for whom we have crossed the stony deserts, triumphed over hardships and endured with patience the burning thirst of the south, ever in memory this passage: "He who leaves his house to escape." In any case, we have set little store by fine clothing and other earthly pleasures. No, once more, by him alone who is God, it is only him that we desire, him alone that we want for ourselves.

But then, why have you come, the king said to them, and what did you bring with you? They replied: Humility, which is fitting for your servants—and, indeed, you know better than we the thing that we desire.

Go back, he told them. Yes, I am king, whether you like it or not, and God has no need of you.

Lord, we know, they replied, that you do not need us; but not one of us can do without you. You are most excellent, whereas we are miserable and low; you are strong, we are weakness itself. How could we go back whence we came? Our strength is exhausted, our troop is indescribably depleted; and the crossings we have borne have destroyed our earthly bodies.

By my glory and dignity, then said the king, since your poverty is truly self-imposed and your humility certain, it is my duty to lift you from your miserable mire. Heal the one who is sick and, all of you, come to this fresh, shady garden, there to taste the most delightful rest.

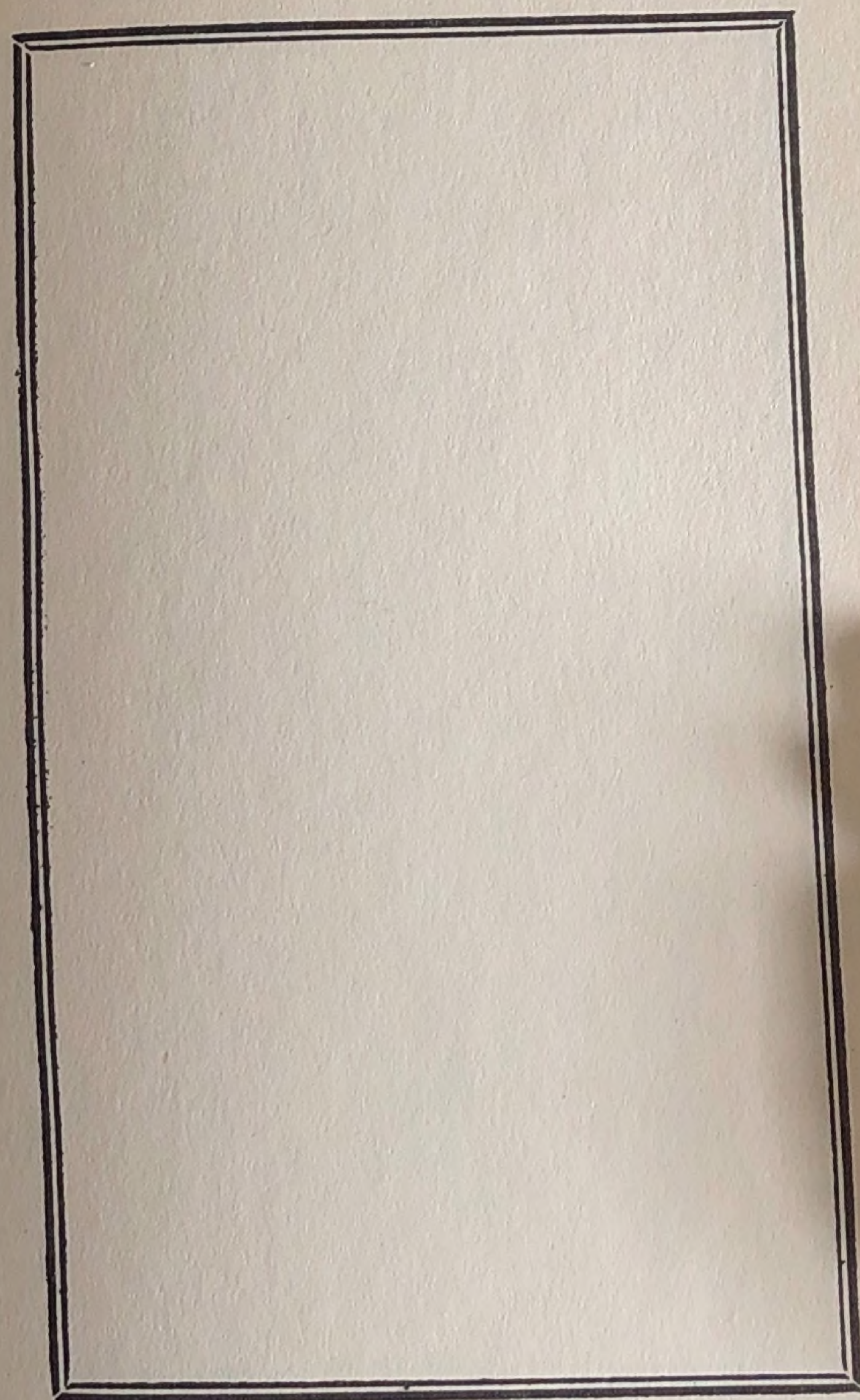
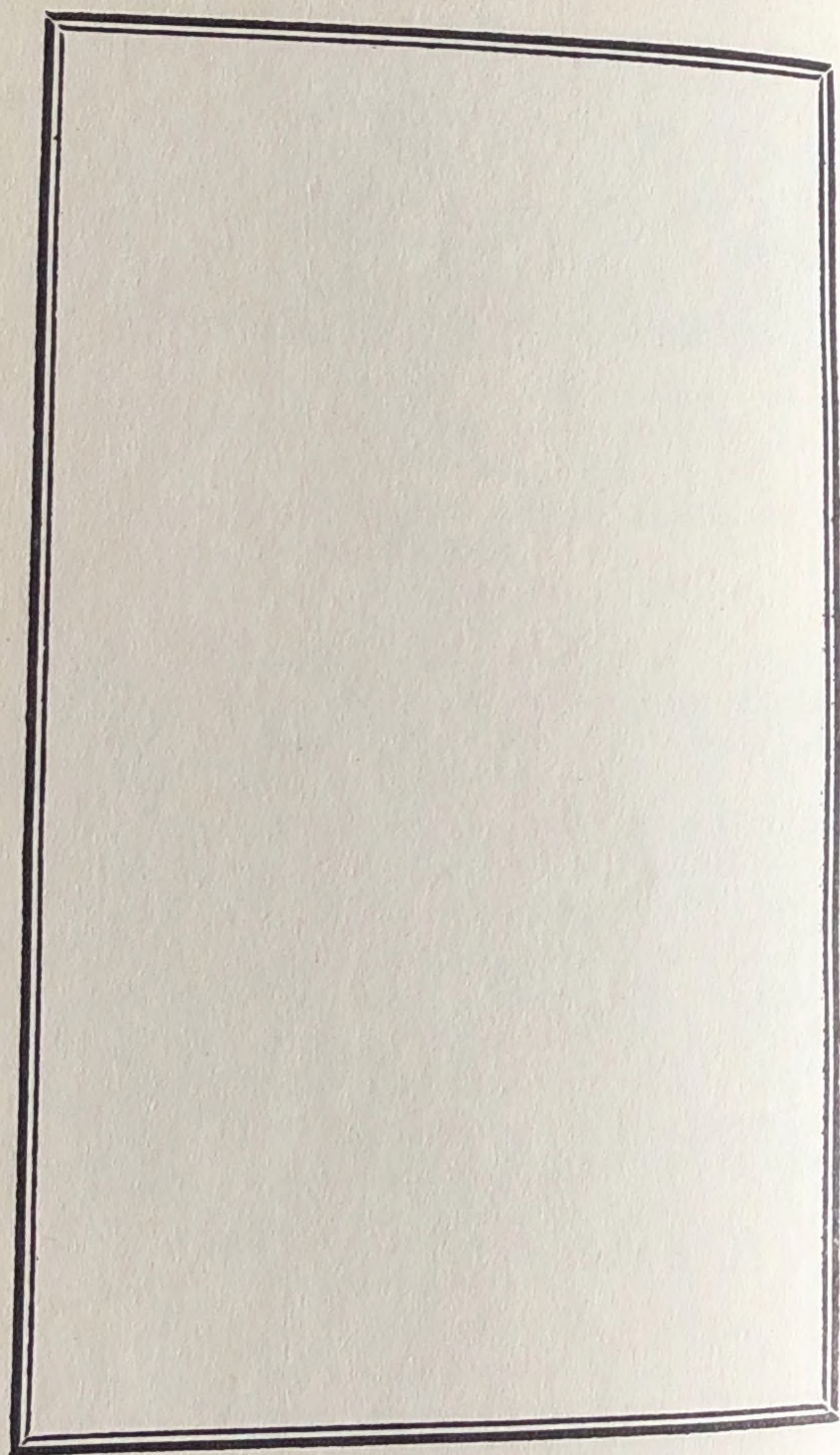
If your hopes have grown cool, take a draught which is mixed with ginger; if, however, you have let yourself be led by the burning heat of desire, quench your thirst from a cup tinged with camphor. Tell this faithful lover who walked the spiritual path: Drink at the fountain named Salsabil. Bring the sick man to his doctor, since his fever of love is real; lead the lover to the side of his beloved, since his mystical death is complete.

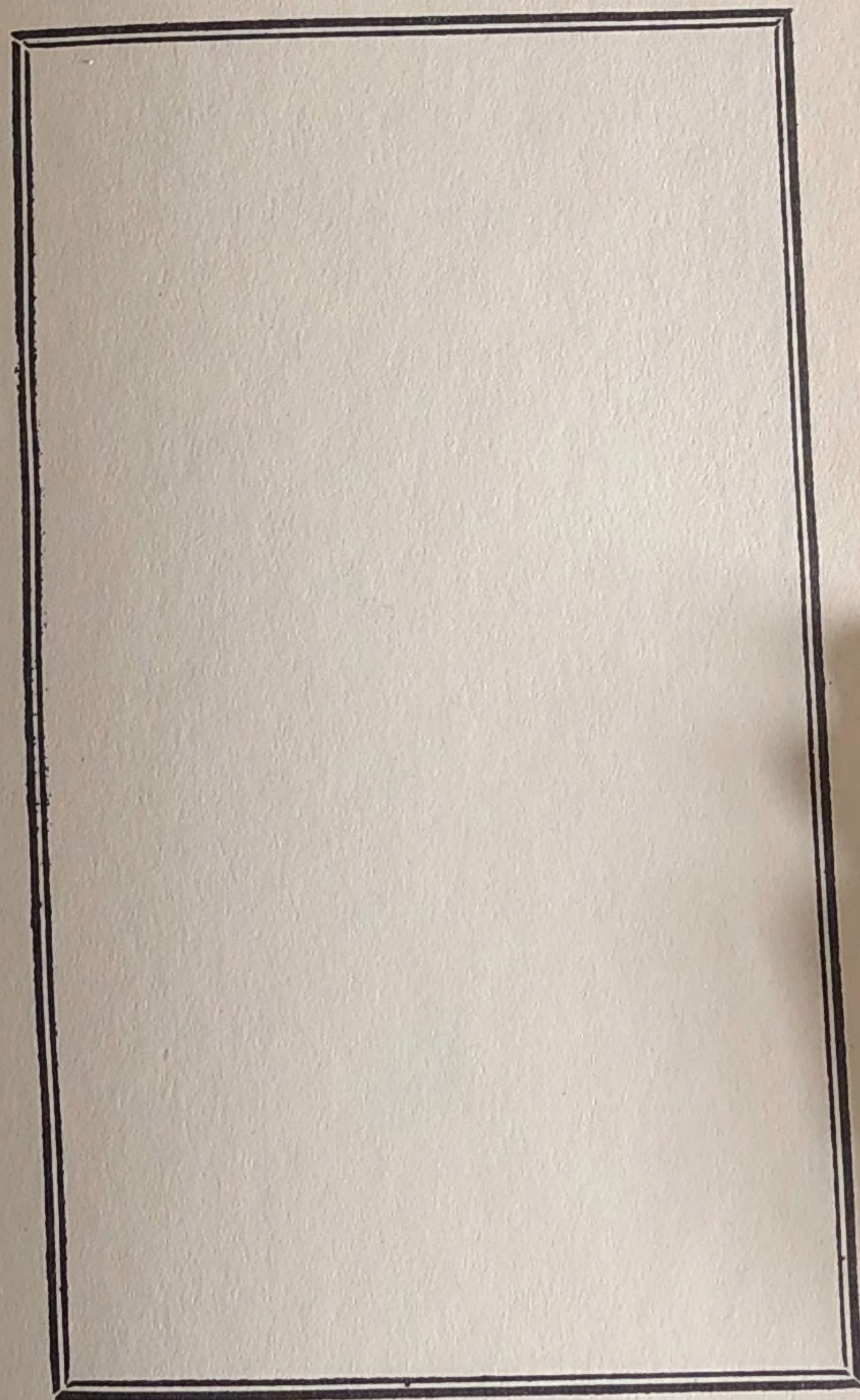
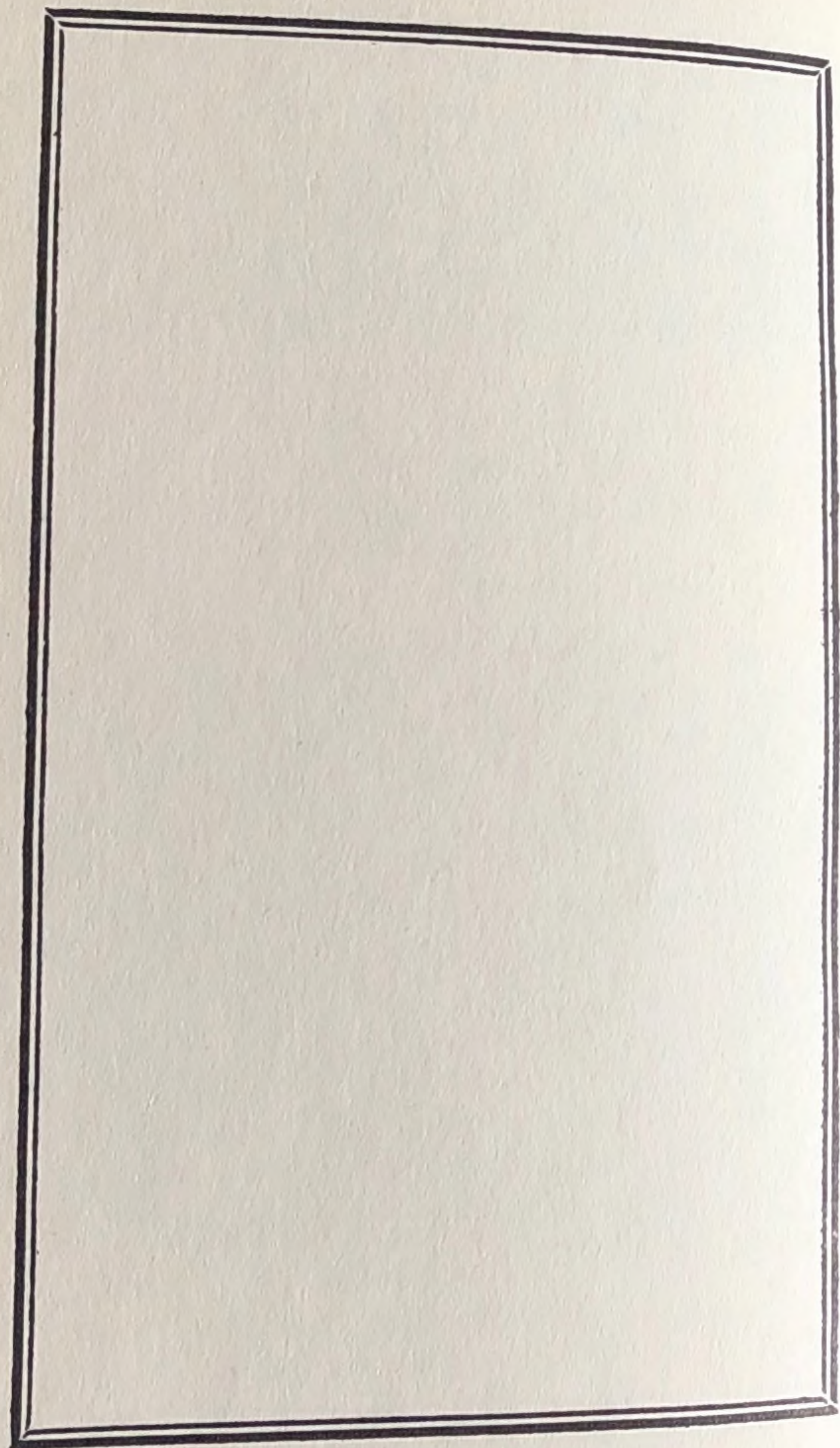
Then the Lord suffused them with happiness and joy and made them drink a purifying liquor; and, as soon as they drank, they were overwhelmed by a wonderful intoxication. Later they danced to melodious music; they desired some new pleasure

and the desire was fulfilled; they made various requests and these were granted. In the presence of Gabriel, they took to flight on the wings of familiarity; and, eager to seize chaste love's unblemished seed, they went down into that most delightful place where dwelt the powerful king. On the instant of their arrival, happiness became theirs and, in their eager scanning of this sacred place, they saw that nothing now concealed the face of their adored one; that the cups were set; that the lovers were linked with their divine friend . . . They saw at last what no eyes have seen and they heard what no ears have heard.

VERSES

O my soul, soar at the wondrous news I can tell you; once again your beloved is receiving your homage and your vows. The tent, sanctuary of mystery, is open to faithful lovers. Breathe in with delight the heady perfumes exhaled by this sacred tribe. See the lightning, the teller of most tender union, shining at a distance in the clouds. You shall live the sweetest life, always at the side of your own beloved, always with the image of your heart's devotions and nothing ever will be able to part you. Tears of absence will no longer fill your eyes; no pressing barrier will ever again block you from this blessed threshold. No longer will any irksome veil hide from you these radiant features; your eyes, drunk with love, will look forever on the ravishing beauty of the loved one, of whom even a glimpse is so fervently desired by countless lovers and for whom so many hearts are heavy with love.





اصلاح ما وقع في طبع هذا الكتاب
من التصحيف والغلط

الورقة	السطر	الغلطة	الاصلاح
٢٥	١٣	باللوم	باللوم
٣٧	٧	بعطر	بعطرى
٤٨	٥	واوضى	واوضى
٥٨	٢	كانت	كان
٦٣	١٣	كليوم	كالسيوم
٦٦	٧	تلوين	تلوينى
٨٢	٤	ما	بها
	١٠	قصر	قصرا
٨٨	٦	يقظتك	يقظتك
٩٢	٥	ينظر	ينظر



- ١٠٠ اشارة الفهد
 ١٠٢ اشارة دودة القز
 ١٠٥ اشارة العنكبوت
 ١٠٧ اشارة الفلة
 ١١٠ اشارة العنقا



- ١٤١ اشارة العباب
 ١٤٣ اشارة العزار
 ١٤٥ اشارة الباز
 ١٤٨ اشارة الحمام
 ٥١ اشارة الخطاف
 ٥٤ اشارة البوم
 ٥٧ اشارة الطاووس
 ٦١ اشارة الدرة
 ٦٤ اشارة الحفاش
 ٦٨ اشارة الديك
 ٧٠ اشارة البط
 ٧٣ اشارة النحل
 ٧٦ اشارة الشع
 ٧٨ اشارة الفراش
 ٨٢ اشارة العراب
 ٨٦ اشارة الهدهد
 ٩١ اشارة الكلب
 ٩٤ اشارة الجمل
 ٩٧ اشارة الفرس

فغش هنيا بوصل غير منفصل
مع من تحب وحجب الهجر قد رفعت
وانظر جمال الذي من اجل رويته
قلوب عشاقه في حبه انصدعت

تم
كتاب كشف الاسرار
عن حكم الطيور
والازهار

م م
م

فهرس ما تضمنه هذا الكتاب

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١٢	اشارة الورد
١٤	اشارة المرسين
١٦	اشارة النرجس
١٨	اشارة اللينوفر
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٢٥	اشارة البنفسج
٢٧	اشارة المنتور
٣٠	اشارة الياسمين
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٣٦	اشارة الخزام
٣٩	اشارة الشقيق

وهاهنا بما كول ومشروب، فتى يتفرغ الحب للحبيب،
ومتى ينال الطالب شرف المطلوب، فالدون كل الدون،
من رضى لنفسه بصفقة المغبون، ثم قالوا نحن لا نريد الا
الملك الذى خرجنا من اجله على المحاجر، وقطعنا
اليه كل حاجر، وصبرنا على ظما الهواجر، حيث
قال ومن يخرج من بيته مهاجر، ثم لا نشتغل بالملايس
والمفاخر، فوالذى لا اله الا هو، لا نريد الا هو، ثم
قال لهم الملك ويحكم لى شى جئتم، وبأى شى اتيتم،
قالوا اتيناك بذلة العبيد، وانك لتعلم ما نريد، فقال
لهم ارجعوا من حيث جئتم، فانا الملك شئتم او ايتتم،
وان الله لغنى عنكم، قالوا سيدى انت الغنى ونحن
الفقرا، وانت العزيز ونحن الاذله، وانت القوى ونحن
الضعفا، فبأى قوة نرجع وقد ذهب قوانا، ونحل
عرانا، واضحل وجودنا مما اعترانا، فقال لهم الملك
وعزنى وجلالى اذا مح افتقاركم، وثبت انكساركم،
فعلى انجباركم، انطلقوا فداووا العليل، فى ظلى الظليل،
وقبلوا فى خير مقيل، فمن غلبت عليه برودة الرجاء،
فليشرب من كاس كان مزاجها زنجبيلا، ومن استولت
عليه حرارة الشوق، فليتناول من كاس كان مزاجها

كافورا، وقولوا للعاشق الذى سلك سبيلا، اشرب
من عين تنهى سلسبيلا، فاذا صحت الحميه، وتمت
الفنيه، فقدّموا العليل الى طبيبه، وقربوا الحب الى
حبيبه، فلقام نضرة وسرورا، فسقام ربهم شرابا
طهورا، فسكروا حين شربوا، ثم غنى لهم فطربوا،
ثم استزيدوا فزادوا، وسالوا فاستجيبوا، وطاروا
باجنحة الانس، فى حضرة القدس، فمقطوا ليلتقطوا
حب المحبه، نقيبا من الكدر، فى مقعد صدق عند
ملك مقتدر، فحصلوا حين وصلوا، فلما حضروا
نظروا، فاذا المحب قد رفعت، والاكواب قد
وضعت، والاحباب قد جمعت، وشاهدوا ما لا عين
رات ولا اذن سمعت،

شعر

يا قلبُ بَشْرَاك ايام الرضا رجعت
وهذه الدار بالاحباب قد جمعت
اما ترى نفحات الحى قد طلعت
انفاسها وبروق القرب قد لمعت

أشارة العنقا

قال الشيخ قدس الله روحه وسره لكم البشارة، يا أهل
الاعمار، ان فهمتم رمز هذه العبارة، فانصتوا لضرب
هذه الامثال المستعاره، والمعاني لمن اعنيت ولكن
للي الحديث فاسمعي يا جاره، قيل اجتمع الطيور
وقالوا لا بد لنا من ملك نعترف له ونعرف به، فاهلوا
ننطلق في طلبه، ونستمسك بسببه، ونعيش في
ظله، ونعتصم بحبله، وقد بلغنا ان بجزائر البحر
ملكاً يقال له عنقا مغرب، قد نفذ حكمه في المشرق
والمغرب، فاهلوا بنا اليه، متوكلين عليه، فقبل لهم ان
البحر عميق، والطريق مضيق، والسبيل محيق،
وبين ايديكم جبال شاهقه، وبحار مغرقه، ونيران
محرقة، ولا سبيل لكم الى الاتصال، ولو تقطعت
الاورال، فدون وصاله حد النصال، فاقعدن في
اوكاركن، فان العجز من شانكن، والملك غنى عنكن،

وان الله لغنى عن العالمين، اما سمعتم صالح القدر يصيح
ويحذرکم الله نفسه، قالوا صدقت ولكن منادى الطلب
ينادي ففرّوا الى الله، فطاروا باجنحة ويتفكرون في خلق
السموات والارض، صابرين على ظما الهواجر، باشارة
ومن يخرج من بيته مهاجراً، فسلكن سبيلا عدلاً، ان
اخذن ذات اليمين ارمتهم برودة الرجا، وان عدلن
ذات الشمال احرقتهن حرارة الخوف، فم بين سباق،
ولحاق ومحاق، وتلاش واحترق، وتغاش واستغراق،
وبعد وافترق، حتى وصل كل منهم الى جزيرة الملك وقد
سقط ريشه، وتكدر عيشه، وتضاعف نحوله، وتزايد
ذبوله، فوصلوا اليه خماصا بعد ما كنّ بطاناً، وجنّته
فرادا بعد ان فارقن اوطاناً، فلما ان وصلوا الى جزيرة
الملك وجدوا فيها ما تشتهيهِ الانفس وتلذ الاعين،
فمن كان همته في الماكول والمشروب، قيل لهم كلوا
واشربوا هنيا بما اسلفتم في الايام الخالية، ومن كان
همته في الملبوس والنفائس، قيل لهم يلبسون من
سندس واستبرق متقابلين، ومن كان همته في العرائس،
قيل لهم وزوجناهم بحور عين، واما اهل الحقيقة قالوا
سبحان الله اذا كان اشتغالنا ثم بماكول ومشروب،

الشمس بحرهما ، فلا يزال ذلك دأبي ، وانت تظن انه
 اردى بي ، وتعتقد في نقصا ، وانهما كما على الدنيا
 وحرصا ، كلا والله لو علمت حقيقة امرى ، لاقى في ذلك
 عذرى ، ولا يرتفع عندك قدرى ، اعلم ان الله عز وجل
 جنودا لا يعلمها الا هو ، قال الله تعالى وما يعلم جنود
 ربك الا هو ، ف جيش الفل تحت الارض ، لا يحصرون بطول
 ولا عرض ، ولا يحصى عددهم الا الله ، قائمون بطاعة الله ،
 ولا يلون على غير الله ، متوكلون على الله ، ولا يلتفتون
 الا الى الله ، فيقوم فيهم ، من يريد ان يقوم عليهم ،
 فيستأذن لها تذلل ، لياذنوا لها تطولا ، فاذا اذن
 لهم تخرج من غير خلاف ، مبايعة على التلافي ،
 تنشده بلسان حالها ، عند ارتحالها ،

شعر

عليكم سلام الله انى موّدع
 وعينى من الم التفرق تدمع
 فان نحن عشنا يجمع الله بيننا
 وان نحن متنا فالقيمة تجمع

فنجتهد في سيرها ، وتحصيل خيرها ، لنفع غيرها ،

متعرضة للهلاك ، ومصايد الاشراك ، فاما ان تهلك
 عطشا او جوعا ، او تقع في مفازة فلا تجد رجوعا ، او
 تحتطفها ذبابه ، او تطاها دابه ، او يقتنصها طائر ،
 او يدوسها حيوان سائر ، فاما من يموت على الاخلاص ،
 ومنا من لم يقدر له على الخلاص ، فتعود الى قوله تعالى
 من المؤمنين رجال صدقوا ما عاهدوا الله عليه ، فتلقى
 ما في ايديها بين ايديهم ، فتقسمه بالسوية عليهم ، من
 غير خصوص ، ولا حظ منقوص ، فان كنت بالقبول
 مخصوص ، فانت التائب بالنصوص ، وان كان جناح
 عزمك عن العليا مقصوص ، فانت صاحب الحظ
 المنقوص ،

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عنه مناديد الكفار، واردّ عنه ما لا يرده المهاجرون  
والانصار، وكذلك لشج الوقار، الذي صبه في الدار  
والغار، على الشرف والفخار، وانت ايها الغدار، التي  
بزخرفها فراره، انما جعلت زينة للنساء الناقصات  
العقول، ولهوا للصبيان الذين ليس لهم معقول، وقد  
حرمت على الرجال الفحول، لان حسنك عن قريب  
يجول، وما لك في الحقيقة محصول، ولا الى الطريقة  
وصول، فبا وبع مهجور منع الوصول، وبا حسرة محروم  
حرّم السؤل، وبا خسارة مطرود منع القبول،

شعر

|                     |                  |
|---------------------|------------------|
| ايها المحب فحرا     | بمقاصير البيوت   |
| انما الدنيا محل     | لقيام وقنوت      |
| وغدا تنزل لحدا      | ضيقا بعد الثبوت  |
| بين اقوام سكوت      | ناطقات في الصموت |
| فارض في الدنيا بثوب | ومن العيش بقوت   |
| واتخذ بيتنا ضعيفا   | مثل بيت العنكبوت |
| ثم قل يا نفس هذا    | بيت مثواك فوق    |

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اشارة النملة

فقلت الفله، اذا ما رماك الدهر بهرما فتم له،
واذا رايت من تهيا للمسير فسز قبله، ولا تكن في
تدبير عيشك ابله، تعلم منى قوة الاستعداد، وتحصيل
الزاد، ليوم المعاد، وانظر الى عزة عزمي، وصحة
حزمي، وتامل كيف شدت يد القدرة للخدمة وسطى،
واغتنتني عن حلى وربطى، فاول ما فتحت عيني من
العدم، رايتني واقفة على القدم، لاكون من جملة
الخدم، ثم كلفت بجمع المونه، بتيسير المعونه، ثم اعطيت
قوة السّم من بعد الفراسخ، ما لا يدركه العالم الراسخ،
فادبر ما اذخره من الحب لقوتي، في بيوتي، فيلهمني
فالق الحب والنوى، ان اقسّم الحبة نصفين بالسوى،
فان كانت الحبة كزبره، فلها حكمة مدبره، وهو ان
افلقها اربع فلق فانها اذا انفلقت نصفين نبتت، وان
قطعت اربعا انقطعت، وان خفت عليها في الشتاء عفونة
الارض ان تضرها، اخرجتها في يوم شامس فتجففه

ولا سوى ، فقلت لها وجمي انتِ نجمي شبكة الذباب ،
وجمع للتراب ، وانا نجمي زينة الكواكب الاتراب ،
اما انتِ التي نطق بوهنك الكتاب في الازل ، وضرب
بضعفك المثل ، واين الكحل من الكحل ، واين
البدر من النجم اذا افل ،

شعر

اني نجت القز من لعابي
سر الاله المسلك الوهاب
يا من اتي متشبهها لفعالنا
هل تستطيع ملابس الاثواب
من لا يكون نافعا لغيره
فهو الذي فيها ادعى كذاب

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### اشارة العنكبوت

فقال العنكبوت ، ان كان بيتي اوهن البيوت ، وحبل  
كما تزعمين مبتوت ، فان فضلي عليك في سجل  
الذكر مثبتوت ، اما انا فما لاحد عليّ منه ، ولا لامّ عليّ  
حنّه ، من حين اولد انسج لنفسي في جميع الاوقات ،  
فاسلم من منة الاباء وحنة الامهات ، فاول ما اقصد  
زوايا البيت ، وان كان خرابا فهو احسن ما اويت ،  
فاقصد الزوايا ، لما فيها من الخبايا ، ولما في سرها من  
النكت الخفايا ، فالتقي لعابي على حافاتها ، حذرا من  
الخلطة وآفاتها ، ثم افرد من طاقات غزلي خيطا دقيقا ،  
منكسا في الهواء رقيقا ، فاتعلق به مسبلا يدي ،  
ممسكا برجلي ، فيظن الغرّ بئلك الحاله ، انني ميت لا  
محاله ، فتمرّ الذبابة فاخطفها بحبائل كيدي ، واودعها  
في شبكة صيدي ، وان كان لك الخمار ، بما تنجيجه  
من زخارف هذه الدار ، فاين كنت عن ليلة الغار ،  
وانا استر النبي المختار ، واصدّ عنه الابصار ، وامنع



### اشارة دودة القز

فقلت دودة القز تالله ليست المحولية بالصور  
والهياكل ، ولا الرجولية بترك المشارب والماكل ،  
ولا الانتثار ببذل النثار ، انما الجود لمن جاد بموجوده ،  
وآثر بحياته ووجوده ، فان كانت خصال الخير معدودة ،  
فاجلها مع دوده ، انا في الدود كدوده ، ولاهل الود  
ودوده ، انا المتوالدة من غير والد ولا مولوده ، اوخذ في  
البداية بزرا ، كما ياخذ الزارع بذرا ، فاحضن في  
جيوب النساء تارة وفي مجور الرجال اخرى ، فاذا تمت  
ايام حملي ، واذنت القدرة بجمع شهلي ، انفصل عن  
ذلك الحمل نسلي ، وحصل من ذلك الفصل وصلي ،  
فانظر في يوم ميلادي فلا اري لي ابا ولا اما ، ولا  
خالا ولا عما ، فتكتنفي ايدي الرجال والنساء ،  
بالتربية في الصباح والمساء ، واحمي عن تخاليط الاغذية  
حائدا ، ولا اطعم الا غذاء واحدا ، فاذا تم حولي ،  
وبدت قوتي وحولي ، بادرت الى شكر من انعم علي ،

ومكافاة من احسن الي ، فاشرع في عمل ما يصلح  
للانسان ، قياما بمامور هل جزاء الاحسان الا  
الاحسان ، فابتدر من غير دعوى ، ولا اظهار شكوى ،  
فانسح بالعام التقدير ، ما يعجز عنه اهل التدبير ،  
فاسبل من لعبي ، ما اشكر عليه بعد ذهابي ،  
واستخرج من صنعة صانعي ملابس ، تزين اللابس ،  
وتضحك العابس ، فالملوك تفتخر بخزي ، والسلاطين  
تتنافس في اردية قزي ، فبي تجدد الملاعب ،  
وتجمل الكواعب ، فانا اجمل المطارف ، واربع  
الزخارف ، فاذا كافيت من احسن الي ، واديت شكر  
ما وجب له علي ، جعلت بيتي المنسوج قبرى ، وفي  
طيه نشري ، فاضيق علي حبسي ، واهلك نفسي بنفسي ،  
وامضي الى رمسي ، كمضي امسي ، فانا الذي اجود  
بخيري ، وابالغ في نفع غيري ، وانا المعذبة بضيري ،  
ثم من نكد هذه الدار ، العجولة على الاكدار ، انني  
ابتليت بحريق النار ، وحسد الجار ، وقد اعتدى علي ظلما  
وجار ، وهو هذه العنكبوت ، المخصوصة باوهن البيوت ،  
تجاوزني وتجاوزني ، وتقول لي نسج ولك نسج ، وامري  
وامرك مريج ، ونحن في الحرق سوى ، ولا فخر لك علي



### اشارة الفهد

قال فبيها انا في هذا الجهد ، اذ ناداني الفهد ، تعلم  
منى الانفه ، والاخلاق الصلغه ، فاني في الطلب لست  
كالفرس ، ولا كالاسد اذا افترس ، انا لعلو عزمتي ،  
وسوهمتي ، اراقب مطلوني ، واجالس محبوبتي ، واراوغ  
صيدي ، بهراوغة كيدي ، فان لم ادركه في اول وثبه ،  
غضبت على نفسي غصبة وای غصبه ، فيترضاني اهلي  
فما ارضا ، ويصيرون لي من التلطف ارضا ، وما  
غضبي الا من التقصير ، والساعد القصير ، فيجب  
علي من استوثب نفسه الى الكمال فنقصت ،  
ودعاها الى المكارم فنكصت ، ان يغضب عليها  
غصبة الانف ، ثم يعود الى التوبة ويستأنف ، ولا  
يرضى لها بالهمة الدنيه ، ولا بتخليط النيه ، ثم ان في  
لطافة معنا ، لا يفهمها الا من كان معنا ، وذلك انه  
ربما اعتزاني من التخليط من ويغلب على شحى ،  
ويثقلني دمي ولحمي ، فاخاف ان اطلب فادرك ،

وان الاقي فاقننص في المعرك ، فتراني استوحش من  
ابناء جنس ، واختفي في خلوتي لاصلاح نفسي ، فاعالج  
نفسى بنفسى ، بترك المالوف وقطع العادة ، ولذيب  
قلبي بالجوع الذى هو مخ العباده ، فاذا علت الهمة ،  
وهت الحميه ، وصفا جسدي من العفونه ، ونفسي من  
الرعونه ، خرجت من عشى ، وقد صفا كدر غشى ، فحيث  
سئت نصبت عرشي ، وايها انبسطت بسطت فرشي ، وان  
كنت من رجالى ، فجل في مجالى ، واعتصم بحبالى ، واطمس  
رسمك البالى ، ولا تبالى ،

شعر

اني رايت الفهد في وثباته  
ان لم ينل ما قد يروم فيهرد  
وكذا النشاط في الطريق مشقة  
لم يلقه الا اللبيب الجيد



السياق ، وقلت لمن أسكره الطيش فما أفاق ، وغره  
العيش الذى قد راق ، ما عندهم ينفد وما عند  
الله باق ، فيا من هو عن المراد مردود ، وفي الطراد  
مطرد ، هلا نظرت الى الوجود ، وفهمت المقصود ،  
واقمت على نفسك الحدود ، واوثقت جوارحك  
بالقيود ، وذكرت الاجل المحدود ، والنفس المعدود ،  
وخشيت اليوم الموعود ، ها انا لما اوثق سائس قيدي ،  
امن قائد كيدي ، فكم اكل سائقي من صيدي ،  
وكم لى على مسابقي من ايدي ، اوثقت بشكالى ،  
كيلا اصول على اشكالى ، واخذت بعنائى ، كيلا  
اذهب الى غير ما عنائى ، والجمت بلجامى ، لئلا يفسد  
على نظامى ، والزمت بخزائى ، خشية من غفلتى عن  
قيامى ، ونعلت بالمديد اقدامى ، كيلا اكل عند اقدامى ،  
فانا الموعود بالنجاه ، المعدود للجه ، المشدود للسلامه ،  
المقصود بالكرامه ، قد اجرى على المنعم انعامه ، فامضى  
بالعناية الازلية فى احكامه ، بان الخيل معقود بنواحيها  
لخير الى يوم القيامة ، خلقت من الريح ، والهمت  
التقديس والتسبيح ، وما برح ظهري عزا ، وبطنى كنزا ،  
ومحبتى حرزا ، فكم ركضت فى ميدان وما ابديت عجزا ،

فكم كسيت من السباق ، ملابس اهل الشقاق ،  
خزا ، وكم حزت اهل النفاق ، خزا ، فكم اخليت  
منهم الآفاق ، هل تحس منهم من احد او تسمع لهم  
ركزا ،

شعر

الحق بسير سابق مضمر  
تنال فوزا من مضيق المحشر  
يا معشر العشاق سيروا جهرة  
نحو النبي الطاهر المطهر  
فالسابقون هم الذين تمنعوا  
بجمال منظره البديع المسفر  
فعساك تلحق بالرجال فانهم  
نالوا وصلا حين وقت العر

فجاوبته تالله لقد حويت من الخلال اجملها ، ومن  
الفعال اكملها ،

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يا صاحبي اجري معي ادمعا
 شوقا الى نخل بدر القمام
 وقل اذا ما صرت في روضه
 يا ساكن الحى عليك السلام

اشارة الفرس

فقال الفرس ايها الفقير الصابر الطالب سبل الماثر
 تعلم منى حسن الادب ، وصدق الطلب ، لبلوغ
 الارب ، ها انا احمل مباهلي ، على كاهلي ، فاجتهد
 في السير ، وانطلق به كالطير ، اعجم هجوم الليل ،
 واقنم اقتحام السيل ، فان كان طالبا ادرك في طلبه ،
 وبلغ في اربه ، وان كان مطلوبا قطعت عن طالبه
 سببه ، وجعلت اسباب الردى عنه تجبه ، فلا يدرك
 منى الا الغبار ، ولا يسمع عنى الا الاخبار ، فان كان
 الجمل هو الصابر المجرب ، فانا الشاكر المقرب ، وان
 كان هو المقتصد اللاحق ، فانا المجتهد السابق ،
 فاذا كان يوم اللقا ، واوان الملتقا ، قدمت اقدام
 الواله ، وسبقت ضرب نباله ، وذاك متخلف لثقل
 احماله ، معاق لتفتيش ما في رحاله ، ورايت ثم
 حقوقا لا يستوفيه الا كل موفٍ ، وطريقا لا يقطعها
 الا كل محقٍ ، فبذلك شهرت عن ساق ، وتضمرت ليوم

اشارة الحمل

فقال الحمل ايها الراغب في السلوك ، الى منازل
الملوك ، ان كنت تعلمت من الكلب زهدا وفقرا ،
فتعلم منى جلدا وصبرا ، فان من توسد الفقر ،
وجب عليه معانقة الصبر ، فان الفقير الصابر ،
معدود في الاكابر ، ها انا احمّل الاحمال الثقيل ،
واقطع المراحل الطوال ، واكابد الاهوال ، واصبر
على مر النكال ، ولا يعتريني في ذلك ملال ، ولا
اصول صولة الارذال ، بل انقاد للطفل الصغير ،
ولو شئت لاستصعبت على الامير الكبير ، فانا الذلول ،
الذي للثقيل حمل ، وفي الاحمال ذمول ، ولست
بالخائن ولا بالملول ، ولا بالصائل عند الوصول ، ولا
بالمائل عن القفول ، اقطع في الوحول ، ما تعجز عنه
صناديد الفحول ، واصابر في ظما الهواجر وفي الحاجر لا
احول ، فاذا قضيت حق صاحبي ، وبلغت ماري ، القيت

حبل على غاربي ، وذهبت البوادي ، واكتسب من
المباح زادي ، وان سمعت صوت الحادي ، سلمت اليه
قيادي ، واوصلت فيه سهادي ، ومددت عنقي لبلوغ
مرادي ، فان ضللت فالدليل هادي ، وان زللت
اخذ بيدي من اليه انقيادي ، وان ظمئت فذكر
الحبيب مائي وزادي ، فانا المخمر لكم ، باشارة وتحمل
اثقالكم ، فلا ازال بين رحلة ومقام ، حتى اصل
الى ذلك المقام ،

شعر

يا سعد ان جيت لذاك المقام
فانشد فوادا في حماه اقام
وان رات عيناك ذاك اللوى
عرض بذكر الواله المستهام
يا عيس ان لاحت لنا يثرب
فالسير من تلك غلينا حرام
لما بدى وادى العقيق انثنت
ترفل في مشيتها كالنعام

اعاد ، وان مت فلا احمل على اعواد ، وان غبت فلا
يقال لبنه عاد ، وان فقدت فلا تبكييني الاولاد ،
وان سافرت فلا استعجب الزاد ، لا مال لي يورت ولا
عقار فيحتر ، ان فقدت فلا يبكي على ، وان
وجدت فلا ينظر الي ، وانا مع ذلك احوم حول حمام ،
وادوم على وفام ، عاصف على مزابلهم ، قانع بطلم
دون وابلم ، فان اعجبك خلالي فتمسك بلذالي ،
وتعلق بحبالي ، وان اردت وفاقي ، فتخلق باخلاقي ،

شعر

وتعلم حفظ المودة مني
وتمسك الى العلا بحبالي
انا كلب حقير قدر ولكن
لي قلب خال من الادغالي
احفظ الحار في الجواروداني
ان احامي عليهم في الليالي
وترائي في كل عسرويسو
صابرا شاكرا على كل حالي
لا يبالي علي ان مت جوعا

اوسقتني الايام مر النكالي
لا يراي الاله اشكو الخلق
اذ على الله في الامور اتكالي
احمل الضيم فيه صونا لعرسي
وفراري من مرذل السوالي
فخلالي على خساسة قدري
في المعالي يَفْقَن كل خلالي

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ولو انها من الدواب ، فانه من لم ياخذ اشارته من  
صرير الباب ، وطنين الذباب ، ونبيح الكلاب ،  
وحشرات التراب ، ويفهم ما يشير به مسير الحباب ،  
ولمع السراب ، وضياء الضباب ، فليس من ذوى  
الالباب

شعر

اصبحت الطف من مر النسيم سرى  
على الرياض يكاد الهم يؤلمنى  
من كل معنى لطيف اجتنى قدحا  
وكل ناطقة فى الكون تطربنى

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اشارة الكلب

قال فبيها انا مستغرق فى لذة الخطاب ، منصت للجواب ،
اذ نادانى كلب على الباب ، يلقط من المزايل ما يسقط
من اللباب ، فقال يا من هو من وراء الحجاب ، يا محجوبا عن
المسبب بالاسباب ، يا مسبلا ثياب الاعجاب ، تادب
بادبى ، فان فعل الجميل دابى ، وسس نفسك بسياستى ،
واسمع ما اقول لك من فراستى ، وما عليك من خساستى ،
فانى ان كنت فى الصورة حقيرا ، تجدى فى المعنى
فقيرا ، لا ازال واقفا على ابواب سادى ، غير راغب
فى سيادى ، فلا اتغير عن عادى ، ولا اقطع عنهم
مادى ، اطرده فاعود ، واضرب ولست بالحقود ، وانا
حافظ للود باقى على العهد ، اقوم اذا كان الانام
رقود ، واصون وللخوان ممدود ، وليس لى مال معدود ،
ولا سباط ممدود ، ولا رباط معهود ، ولا مقام محمود ، ان
اعطيت شكرت ، وان منعت صبرت ، لا ارى فى الآفاق
شاكيا ، ولا على ما فات باكيا ، ان مرضت فلا

الاختيار، ويروض للجميع على ارض الرض، ويدق في
 هاون الصبر، ويخل في مثل الدل، ويصفى على
 سكر السكر، ويستعمل بعد السهر، في خلوة الحر،
 بحضرة الطبيب، وخلوة الحبيب، وغفلة الرقيب، لعل
 يسكن الوحيب، ويبرد اللهيب، ويعود القلب
 السليب، ويعتدل التركيب، وينفخ مع يقطتك، فتسمع
 هل من سائل فاستجيب، ويستنير بصر بصيرتك،
 فتشاهد كل معنى غريب، وتري كل امر عجيب، الا
 ترى الى الهدد حين حسنت سيرته، وصفت سريره،
 كيف نفذت بصيرته، فتراه يشاهد بالنظر، ما
 تحبه الارض عن سائر البشر، فيرى في بطنها الما
 التجاج، كما تراه انت في الزجاج، ويقول بعمه ذوقه،
 وصدقه، هذا عذب فرائد وهذا ملح اجاج، ويقول
 انا الذي اوتيت مع صغر الجفان، ما لم يوت سليهان،
 هو اعطى ملكا لا ينبغي لاحد من بعده، وانا اوتيت
 علما لا يعلمه هو ولا احد من جنده، كنت معه حين
 ما سوى، وجد به السوى، ادله على الما من تحت
 الثرى، فغبت عنه ساعه، فعدم الاستطاعه، فعرض
 اتباعه واشياعه، وقال ما الى لا ارى الهدد ام كان

من الغائبين، لاعذبه عذابا شديدا او لاذبحه او
 لياتيني بسلطان مبین، والعجب انه افتقدني حال
 افتقاره الى، ثم هددني بسطوة اقتداره على، فقال
 لاعذبه او لاذبحه، والقدر يقول لا والله لا قربنه،
 او لاهدينه، فلما جيت من سبا بسببه، وقلت احطت
 بما لم تخط به، فزاد ذلك في غضبه، وقال يا صغير
 الجرم، يا كبير الجرم، ما كفى غيبتك عني، حتى
 تدعي انك اعلم مني، فقلت الامان، يا سليهان، انت
 سالت ملكا لا ينبغي لاحد من بعدك، وما سالت
 علما لا يعلمه احد من بعدك، قد جيتك من سبا بنبا
 عظيم، وفوق كل ذي علم عليم، فقال ايها الهدد من
 مع له السلوك، اوتمن على اسرار الملوك، اذهب بكتابي
 هذا فذهبت بكتابه، وعجلت بجوابه، وقربني الى
 جنبه، وجعلني من احبابه، وكتبني من حجابيه،
 بعد ان كنت من ورا حجابيه، ثم كساني من ملابس
 اكرامه تاجا، وكنت الى ذلك محتاجا، ثم نحت
 حكاية ذبحي، وتليت ايات مدحي، فان كنت ممن
 يقبل نهى، فحسن سيرتك، واصف سريرتك، وطيب
 اخلاقك، وراقب خلاقك، وتادب باحسن الاداب،

اشارة الهدهد

قال فلما كدر على الغراب وقتي ، وحذرتي مقتي ،
انصرفت من حضرتي ، الى خلوة فكرتي ، فهتفت بي
هاتف من سماء فطرتي ، ايها السامع منطق الطير ،
المناسف على فوات الخير ، تأسه لو صغت الضمائر ،
لنفذت البصائر ، واهتدى السائر ، وما ضل الحائر ،
ولو طابت الخواطر ، لبانت الامائر ، ولو شرحت السرائر ،
لظهرت البشائر ، ولو انشرح الصدور ، لظهر لك النور
ولو ارتفعت الستور ، لانكشف المستور ، ولو ظهرت
القلوب ، لظهرت سراير الغيوب ، وشوهد المحبوب ،
ولو اعرضت عن الاسباب ، لفتح لك الباب ، ولو
خلعت ثياب الاعجاب ، لرفع لك الحجاب ، ولو غبت
عن عالم العيب ، لشاهدت عالم الغيب ، ولو قطعت
العلائق ، لانكشفت لك الحقائق ، ولو خالفت العادة ،
لما انقطعت عنك المادة ، ولو تجردت عن الارادة ، لوصلت
الى رتبة السيادة ، ولو ملت عن هواي لمال بك اليه ،

ولو فارقت اباك لجمعك عليه ، ولو بعدت عنك
لوجدت الزلفى لديه ، ولكنك مجنون في مجن
طبعك ، مقيد بقيد مالوفك ، متشاغل بشواغل
نفسك ، متعلق بجمال خيال حسك ، قد ازمنتك
برودة عزمك ، واحرقتك حرارة حرصك ، واثقلتك
تخمة بطرك ، واستعمتك عفوة رعونتك ، وبرهنتك
وساوس شهوتك ، فانت بارد الهمم ، مقعد العزمه ،
جامد الفكره ، فاسد الفطنه ، كثير الخيره ، قد
انعكس ذوق فهمك ، فرايت الحسن قبيحا والقبيح
حسنا ، فلو دخلت الى بهارستان التقوى ، وعرضت
قارورة البلوى ، ورفعت قصة الشكوى ، الى طبيب يعلم
السرو والجوى ، ومددت اليه كف غلنك ، ليحس نبط
غلنك ، وينظر سحنك ، فيعلم حقيقة محنتك ، فيسلمك
الى قيم مودب الشرع فيعقلك بعقال الخوف ، ويضربك
بسياط لعل وسوف ، ويروحك بهروحة الرجا ، ثم يحميك
في حبي الحمايه ، ويكتب في دستور علاجك ، باصلاح
مزاجك ، ويعبي لك اهليلج الالتجا ، وينفخ الرجا ،
ومحمودة التوكل ، وتمرهندي الهدايه ، وعناب العناية ،
وسبستان السياسه ، واجاس الاخلاص ، وخيار شنبير

من سائر النواحي ، لكن الهالك لهوك ، وحجبك عجبك
 وزهوك ، وها انا اعرف النازل ، بخراب المنازل ،
 واحذر الآكل ، غصة الماكل ، وابشر الراحل ، بقرب
 المراحل ، وصديقك من صدقك ، لا من صدقك ، ومن
 عدلك لا من عدوك ، ومن بصرك ، لا من نصرك ، ومن
 وعظك ، فقد ايقظك ، ومن اندرك ، فقد حذرک ، ولقد
 اندرتك بسوادي ، وحذرتك بتروادي ، واسمعتك نداي
 في النادى ، ولكن لا حياة لمن تنادى ،

شعر

انوح على ذهاب العمر مني
 وحتى ان انوح وان انادى
 وانذب كلما عاينت ركبا
 حدى بعم لوهك البين حادى
 يعنفنى الجهول اذا رافى
 وقد البست اثواب الجدادى
 فقلت له اتعظ بلسان حالى
 فاني قد نحتك باجتهادى
 وها انا كالخطيب وليس بدعا

على الخطبا اثواب السوادى
 لم ترني اذا عاينت ربعا
 انادى بالنوى في كل وادى
 انوح على الطلول فلم يجبنى
 بساحتها سوى خرس الجمادى
 واكثر في نواحيها نواحي
 من البين المفتت للغوادى
 تيقظ يا ثقیل السمع وافهم
 اشارة ما تشير به الغوادى
 فما من شاهد في الكون الا
 عليه من شهود الغيب بادى
 فكم من راح فيها وغادى
 ينادى من دنو او بعدادى
 لقد اسمعت لونا ديت حيا
 ولكن لا حياة لمن انادى

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### اشارة الغراب

قال فبيها انا في نشوة هذا العتاب ، ولذة هذا  
الشراب ، اذ سمعت صوت غراب ، ينطق بين الاحباب ،  
بتفريق الاتراب ، وينوح نوح المصاب ، ويبوح ما يجده  
من اليم العذاب ، وقد لبس من الحداد جلباب ،  
ورضى من بين العباد بتسويد الثياب ، فقلت ايها  
الناب لقد كدرت ما كان صافيا ، ومررت ما كان  
حلوا شافيا ، فما لك لم تنزل في البكور ساعيا ، وعلى  
الربوع ناعيا ، والى البين داعيا ، ان رايت شملا  
مجمعا اندرت بشتاته ، وان شاهدت قصر عاليا بشرت  
بدروس عرصاته ، فانت لدى الخليط المعاصر ، اشام  
من قاصر ، وعند اللبيب الحاذر ، الام من جاذر ،  
فناداني بلسان زجره الفصيح ، و اشار بعنوان حاله  
الصريح ، وقال ويحك انت لا تفرق بين الحسن والقبيح ،  
وقد تساوى لديك العدو والنصيح ، لا بالكناية تفهم  
ولا بالنصريح ، كان المواعظ في اذنيك ريج ، وكلام الواعظ

في سمع هواك كالنبيح ، اما تذكر رحيلك من هذا الفج  
الفسيح ، الى ظلمة القبر وضيق الضريح ، اما بلغك ما جرى  
على ابيك ادم وهو ينادى على نفسه ويصيح ، اما تعتبر  
بنوح نوح ، وهو يبكي وينوح ، على دار ليس بها احد  
مستريح ، اما رايت حال ابراهيم الخليل وهو في نار الفهود  
طريح ، اما تقتدى بصبر الذبيح ، اما يكفيك ما تم على  
داود حتى بكى بقلبه القرع ، اما تهتدى بزهد المسيح ،  
اي جمع لم يتفرق ، اي شغل لم يقزق ، اي صقوم لم يتكدر ،  
اي حلوم لم يقرر ، اي امل لم يقطع الاجل ، اي  
تدبير ، لم يبطله التقدير ، اي بشير ، لم يعقبه نذير ،  
اي يسير ، ما عاد عسير ، اي حال ، ما حال ، اي  
مقيم ما زال ، اي مال ، عن صاحبه ما مال ، اين ذووا  
العمر الطويل ، اين ذووا المال الجزيل ، اين ذووا الوجه  
الجميل ، اما قرصم الموت جيلا بعد جيل ، اما سوى في  
الثرى بين العبد الذليل ، والمولى للجليل ، اما هتف  
بالمقتنع بدنياه قل متاع الدنيا قليل ، فكيف تلومني  
على نواحي ، وتستشيم بصياحي ، في مساء وصباحي ، ولو  
علمت ايها اللاحي ، بما فيه صلاحك وملاحي ، لاتنحمت  
بوشاحي ، وواقفتني في سواد جناحي ، واجبتني بالنواحي ،



وتذيبني ، وتطلب قربي ، وهي تذيب قلبي ، تدعى  
 هوى ، وتستدعى لقاء ، فاذا نزلت بفنائي ، فلا  
 بقاء لها الا بفنائي ، وهذا لعمرى من اعجب الاشياء ،  
 ان حبيبا يفنى ومحببا يبقى ، وعاشقا يسعد ومعشوقا  
 يشقى ، فنادت النار ايها المعبذب باحراقى ،  
 الداهش فى انوار اشراقى ، ان كان دخان احتراقى  
 الى راقى ، فهانا نازل فى العجن اليك راقى ، فشكوا  
 ما تلاقى ، وتفوز بساعة التلاقى ، فيا فوز من شرب  
 وانا الساقى ، وبها سعادة من فناق وانا الباقي ،

## شعر

ولقد اقول لشمعة نادمتها  
 وسدول جنح الليل ذات جموح  
 انا من يحن الى الاحبة قلبه  
 والى البكا بدمعه المسفوح  
 قالت عجلت على فيها قلته  
 اسمع بيان حديثي المشروح  
 ان كان اعجلك الزمان بخطبه  
 فلقد فقدت انا شقيقة روجي

افردت عن خل شهي طعمه  
 حلوا لها عذب المذاق صريح  
 هوانت تندب من حكاها بريقه  
 او طعمه وارك في التبرج  
 وانا له ها قد فقدت بعينه  
 او ليس بخل مدامي بقبيح  
 بالنار فرقت الخواث بيننا  
 وبها نذرت اعود احرق روجي

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وتذييني ، وتطلب قربي ، وهي تذيب قلبي ، تدعى
 هوى ، وتستدعى لقاء ، فاذا نزلت بفنائي ، فلا
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شعر

ولقد اقول لشهقة نادمتها
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 حلوا لما عذب المذاق صريح
 هوانت تندب من حكاة بريقه
 او طعمه وارك في التبريح
 وانا له ها قد فقدت بعينه
 او ليس بخل مدامى بقيق
 بالنار فرقت للحوادث بيننا
 وبها نذرت اعود احرق روجي

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## اشارة الفراش

قال فاستغاث الفراش ، وهو ملقى على الفراش ،  
يتلهب في تلاميذه ، ويتقلب في تغاشيه ، وقال يا  
الله العجب ابذل نفسى فى هواك ، ولا اعدل الى  
سواك ، وتسومنى سوم اعداك ، ليت شعرى من بقتكى  
افتناك ، ومن بقتلى اغراك ، اين لك مثلى عاشق  
صادق ، او صديق موافق ، صبرت على احراقك ، وقدمت  
على الموت دون عشاقك ، فهل رايت حبيبا يعذبه  
حبيبه ، او عليلا يسقه طيبه ، احبك فتعذبنى ،  
واقرب منك فتحرقنى وتمزقنى ، يشند شوقى اليك ،  
فاهجم بالاذلال عليك ، اطلب منك الوصول فتصول  
على وتحرق بالنار جليبا ، فما اصاب احدا من  
العشاق مصابى ، ولا عذب احد منهم بعذابى ، ولست  
الى غيرك صابى ، وكان يكفينى ما بى ، لو سلمت من  
توبى عتابى ،

## شعر

جئت اشكو الى حبيبى ما بى  
فرمانى منه بسوط عذابى  
كفراش قد جا يطلب وصلا  
فرماه حبيبه بشهابى  
وهو ملقى لدى الحبيب حريقا  
وغريقا فى لجة الاكتيابى  
فى حسابى انى وصلت ولكن  
سطوة الحب لم تكن فى حسابى  
ذب غراما ولوعة واشتياقا  
هكذا شرع سنة الاحبابى

قال فلما ذكر الفراش مصابه ، وشكى تبارجه  
واوصابه ، رق له الشمع مما اصابه ، وقال له ايها  
العاشق الصادق ، لا تجعل فانى لك موافق ، انا  
مصاب بمصائبك ، معذب كعذابك ، فاسمع قصة من  
اعجب القصص ، وارحم غصة من اوجع الغصص ، ليس  
العجب من محب يحترق ، وانما العجب من حبيب  
يحرق ، هذه النار تحبى ، وهى بانفاسها تحرقنى



## إشارة الشمع

قال فسمع النحل استغاثة شمع، فاصغى اليه  
بسمعه، فاذا هو يحترق بالنار، ويبكي بادمع غزار،  
ويقول ايها النحل اما يكفيني، ان رميت منك  
ببيني، وفرق الدهر ما بينك وبينى، فانت في  
الوجود ابى، وفي اليجاد سبى، فافردت عنك  
بتحريقى، انا والعسل شقيقى، وهو اخى ورفيقي،  
فبيها نحن مجتمعون، وفي قرارنا ملنامون، اذ فرقت  
بيننا يد النار، ورمتنا ببعد الدار، وشط ما  
بيننا المزار، فافردت عنه وافرد عني، وبنت منه  
وبان منى، ثم سلطت على النار، ولم اكن من اهل  
الاوزار، فكبدى تحترق، وجسدى تحت رق، فاهل  
الحبة يتانسون باختراقى، واهل المعرفة يستضيئون  
بنور اشراقى، فانا في اشراق واحراق، ودمع مهراق،  
قائم في الخدمة على ساق، احملى ضررى وضيبرى،  
واحرق نفسى لاشرق على غيرى، فانا معذب بضيبرى،

وغيرى مقتنع بخيرى، فكيف الام على اصفرارى،  
ودموعى للجوارى، ثم تقصدنى الاوباش، من الفراش،  
يريدون اطفائى، واذهاب اضوائى، فاحرقه مكافاة  
لفعله، ولا يحيق المكر السيء الا باهله، فلو ملئت  
الارض فراشا لكنت منهم فى امان، كذلك لو ملئت  
اوباشا لما اطفئوا نور الايمان، يريدون ليطفئوا نور  
الله بافواههم ويبابى الرحمان، وهذا رمز لمن تمنعنا  
بيان،

## شعر

قد اتي يا نور عيني  
منك نور اى نورى  
فهداى وضلالى  
بك يا كل سرورى  
لم يطق كل عذول  
فيك يرمى بى بزورى  
وكذا كل هواء  
لم يطق اطفاء نورى



تأيسها ، ويتخير اقلیدس في حل شكل تسديسها ،  
ثم اسقط على الزهر والثمر ، فلا اكل ثمرة ، ولا  
اهتم زهره ، بل اتناول منها شئ على هيئة الطل ،  
فاتغذى به قانعة وان قل ، ثم اعود الى عشي ، وقد  
صفا كدر عيشي ، فاشتغل في وكري بفكري  
وذكرى ، واخلص لمولاي شكرى ، ولا افترع عن الذكر ،  
ولا اغفل عن الشكر ، فعلت بالهام الوحى ، وعملت  
بالتوفيق الازلى ، فانج على وعلى ، شفعى وعسلى ،  
فالشع ثمرة العمل المقبول ، والعسل ثمرة العلم المنقول ،  
فالشع للضيا ، والعسل للشفاء ، فاذا اتانى بقاصد  
يستشفى بضيائى ، وان اتانى عليل يستشفى بشفاى ،  
فلا اذيقه حلاوة نفى ، حتى اجرعه مرارة لسى ، ولا  
انبيله شهدى ، الا بعد مكابدة جهدى ، فان اقتنصه  
منى قهرا ، احامى عنه جهرا ، وادافع عنه بروحى ،  
واقول يا روح روحى ، ثم اقول لمن جناتى ، واستخرجنى  
من جناتى ، انت يا جاتى ، على جاتى ، فان كنت  
للمرموز تعانى ، فقد رمزت لك فى معانى ، انك لا تصل  
الى وصالى ، حتى تصبر على حر نصالى ،

شعر

اصبر على مر هجرى  
ان رمت منى وصالا  
واترك لاجل هواى  
من صد جهلا وصالا  
ومت اذا شئت تحيى  
واستعجل الاجالا  
فمسلك الحب صعب  
يقطع الاوصالا  
عذابه المر عذب  
يخفف الاثقالا  
ان كنت معنا تهمنا  
فقد ضربت مثالا  
فان فهمت رموزى  
اقدم والا فلا لا

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قد طاف حول حماه
 ذروا للحدود العوالي
 وصابروا في هواه
 عليه مرّ النكالي
 صاموا وبالدكر قاموا
 في مظلمات الليالي
 فالروح بالشوق تفنى
 والجسم بالسقم بالي
 قد صادف الحب منهم
 له قلوبا خوالي
 ان كنت بطل فآترك
 منازل الابطالي

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### اشارة النحل

قال فنادت النحلة ، يا لها من نخلة ، ما ح في  
 روايتها رحله ، فالعارف من ظهر معناه ، قبل  
 دعواه ، وعلم صفا سزه من نجواه ، ومن محى حقيقة  
 دعواه ، ثبتت حقيقة معناه ، فلا تقل قولا يبطله  
 فعلك ، ولا تربّ فرعا ينقضه اصلك ، واعلم ان  
 بصفاء المشارب يصفو الشارب ، وبطيب المطاعم  
 يطيب الطاعم ، الا تراني لما طاب مطعمي وصفا  
 مشربي ، كيف رفعت رتبي ، وعلا منصبي ، وكل  
 ادبي ، والا من انا حتى يوحى الي ، وينص بالذكر  
 على ، لولا اني اكلت لللال ، ولزمت اشرف الللال ،  
 حتى صرت كالللال ، اسلك سبل ربي ذللا ، واشكر  
 من نعمه فصولا وجملا ، ابتغى المباح ، الذي ليس على  
 اكله من جناح ، فاجعل في الجبال بيوت ، ومن  
 مباح الاشجار قوت ، ابني بيوتا يعجز كل صانع عن



### أشارة البط

قال فنأدى البط، وهو في الماء ينغط، وقال يا من  
بدني همة انحط، لا أنت مع الطير فترقى، ولا تسلم  
من الضير فتبقى، فانت كالميت لا أرضا قطع، ولا  
لزومك في مكان واحد ينفع، سقوط نفسك القاك  
على المزابل، ووقوفك عند الطل حجبك عن الوابل،  
وما ربح في المتاجر من لم يقطع المراحل، ولا يظفر  
بالجواهر من هو واقف بالساحل، فلو ثبت تمكينك،  
وقوى يقينك، لطرت في الهواء، ومشيت على الماء،  
ألم ترني كيف ملكت هواي، فملك عالمي الماء  
والهواء، فانا في البر سائح، وفي البحر سائح، وفي  
الهوا سارج، وقد جعلت البحر مركز عزى، ومعدن  
كنزى، فاغوص في صفاء تلالئه، فاجتلي جواهره  
ولآله، واطلع فيه على حكمه ومعانيه، ولا يعرف  
ذلك الا من يعانيه، فمن وقف على ساحله لم يظفر الا  
بزبد واجاهه، ومن لم يحذر من دواخله ولجأه، غرق

في متلاطم لجه وامواجه، فالسعيد من ركب قارب  
قرباته، ورفع قلوب تضرعائه، متعرضا لنشوات نهجائه،  
ماذا لبان رجائه يجذباته، ثم قطع كثائف ظلماته،  
فوصل الى مجمع بحرئى ذاته وصفاته، فهناك يقع  
على عين حياته، فيرد من عذبه وفراجه،

شعر

يا طالباً للمعالي  
مهر المعالي غالى  
قدم فاول نقد  
مغفل الآجالي  
ما استعذب الموت الا  
من ذاق ذوق الرجالي  
حماء دون الوصال  
حماء حد النصالي  
كذا القصور العوالي  
خفت بمر العوالي  
والشهد دون جناء  
لذع كحر النبالي



### أشارة البط

قال فنأى البط، وهو في الماء ينعط، وقال يا من  
يدنى همته انحط، لا أنت مع الطير فتترقى، ولا تسلم  
من الضير فتبقى، فانت كالميت لا أرضا قطع، ولا  
لزومك في مكان واحد ينفع، سقوط نفسك القاك  
على المزابيل، ووقوفك عند الطل حجبك عن الوابل،  
وما ربح في المتاجر من لم يقطع المراحل، ولا يظفر  
بالجواهر من هو واقف بالساحل، فلو ثبت تمكينك،  
وقوى يقينك، لطرت في الهواء، ومشيت على الماء،  
لم ترني كيف ملكك هواي، فملكك عالمي الماء  
والهواء، فانا في البر سائح، وفي البحر سائح، وفي  
الهوا سارج، وقد جعلت البحر مركز عزى، ومعدن  
كنزى، فاغوص في صفاء تلالئه، فاجتلي جواهره  
ولآلئه، واطلع فيه على حكمه ومعانيه، ولا يعرف  
ذلك الا من يعانيه، فمن وقف على ساحله لم يظفر الا  
بزبد واجاجه، ومن لم يحذر من دواخله ولجاجه، غرق

في متلاطم لجه وامواجه، فالسعيد من ركب قارب  
قرباته، ورفع قلوب تضرعائه، متعرضا لنشأت نجاته،  
ماذا لبان رجائه يجذباته، ثم قطع كثنائى ظلماته،  
فوصل الى مجمع بحرئى ذاته وصفاته، فهناك يقع  
على عين حياته، فيرد من عذبه وفراته،

شعر

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مهر المعالي غالى  
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والشهد دون جناه  
لذع كحر النبالي



### اشارة الديك

قال فقلت تالله لقد فاز اهل الخلوات ، وامتاز اهل  
الصلوات ، ومنع من الجوار اهل الغفلات ، فعند ذلك  
نادى الديك ، كم اناديك ، وانت في تعاميك  
وتغاشيك ، جعلت الاذان لي وظيفه ، اوقظ به من كان  
نائما كالجيفة ، وابشر الذين يدعون ربهم تضربا  
وخيفة ، وفي اشارة لطيفه ، اصفق بجناحي بشرا  
للقيام ، واعلن بالصياح تنبيها للنيام ، فتصفق  
الجناح ، بشرى بالبحاح ، وترديد الصياح ، دعاء  
للفلاح ، وان كان الخفاش قد جعل الليل له وظيفه ،  
فهو طول النهار نائم كالجيفة ، مستتر عن اعين الناس  
خيفه ، وانا الذي لا اخل بوظيفتي ليلا ولا نهارا ،  
ولا اغفل عن وردى سرا ولا اجهارا ، قسمت وظائفى  
الطاعات ، على جميع الساعات ، فما تمر ساعه ، الا  
ولى فيها وظيفة طاعة ، فبى تعرف المواقيت ، ولا  
تغلو قيمتى ولو اشتريت باليواقيت ، فهذا حالى ،

مع قيامى على عيالى ، واشفاقنى على اطفالى ، فانها  
بين الدجاج ، اقنع بالاجاح ، ولا اختص دونهم بحبه ،  
ولا اتجرع دونهم بشربه ، وهذه حقيقة المحبه ، ان  
رايت حبة دعوتهم اليها ، ودلتهم عليها ، فمن هانى  
الايتار ، اذا حصل القنار ، ثم انى طوع لاهل الدار ،  
اصبر لهم على سوء الجوار ، يذبحون افراخى ، وانا لهم  
كالخل المواخى ، وينتهبون اتباعى ، وانا فى نفعهم  
ساعى ، فهذه شبهة اوصافى ، وسجية انصافى ، والله لى كافى ،

شعر

بذكر الله يدفع كل خوف  
ويدنو الخير ممن يرتجيه  
ولكن اين من يصنى ويدرى  
معانى ما اقول ومن يعيه



الغشاء فلا تزال كذلك إلى العشاء فتعنى بها يستعنى  
به الناس ، وهذا خلاف القياس ، فقال يا آدمي  
التكويين ، لاني في مقام التلوين ، وما بلغت الى مقام  
الفكين ، لان المتلون الخائف ، يدهش عند تشعشع  
شمس المعارف ، والممكن العارف ، من ثبت عند  
مهود اسرار اللطائف ، وانما عدم تمكيني ، وسبب  
تلوين ، وضعف يقيني ، لاني مخلوق ، ناقص الحقوق ،  
فبالنهار استر نقى باستتاري ، وبالليل اناجى للجيب  
بانكساري ، فيجود بغناه على افتقاري ، وبفضله على  
احتقاري ، قائل ما جبر به كسري ، ورحم به فقري ،  
ان جعل الليل خلقي ، ومع احبابه حضرك ، واليه  
لا الى سواه نظرك ، فاذا انقضت خلوة الليل غمضت  
عيني بالنهار ليلا انتظر الى الاغيار ، ويحق لمن سهر  
الليل ان ينام النهار ، وقبيح على عين تمتعت بروياه ،  
ان تنظر الى سواه ،

شعر

قبيح على قلب يذوب صباة  
وتنظر عيناه لحسن سواه

ايجمل ان تهوى هواه وتدعي  
سواه وما في الكون يعشق الا هو  
اذا كان من تهواه في الحسن واحدا  
فكن واحدا في الحب ان كنت تهواه

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أشارة الخفش

قال فننادني الخفش ، وهو في ارتعاد وارتعاش ،
اياك والزحام ، فلقد حام حول الحمى حام ، وما ادنى
القسم الا لسام ،

شعر

فما المنا يدنو بسم القنا
ولا العلى يعطى بحد الحسام

ولكن عليك باوقات ، الخلوات ، والقيام في الليالي
المظلمات ، الا ترائى اذا طلعت الشمس دخلت الى
وكرى ، واذا غابت صفت لى خلوة فكرى ، فانا في
النهار لا ازور ولا ازار ، محجوب عن الابصار ، محبوب
الى ذوى الاستبصار ، فاذا جن ليلى ، جررت ذيلى ،
وجعلت الليل معاشى ، وفيه انتعاشى ، لان فيه يفتح
الباب ، ويرفع الحجاب ، ويخلو المحب بالاحباب ،

وتعفل عين الرقبا ، وتفيض اجفان المحبين والغريبا ،
ويفتح الحبيب بابه ، ويرفع حجاب ، وينداح احبابه ،
وينادى احزابه ، فتترفع الوسائل ، بالدمع السائل ،
ويجاب السائل ، بالطف المسائل ، ويقال يا جبريل
ايم فلانا واقم فلانا ، وقل لمن كتم حبنا حتى يصرح
اعلانا ، وقل لمن هو ظمان ، هذا الكاس ملان ،
وقل لمن فى حبنا ولهان ، ان الوصل قد آن ،

شعر

لا يبعدنك عنبنا عن بابنا
فالعهد باق والوداد مصان
فبهاهنا وبحسنا وبلطفنا
شاع الحديث وسارت الركبان
واذا ذلت لعزنا ذلت لعز-
-رتك الملوك وهابك السلطان
يا ايها العشاق دونكم السبا
ق فهذه الشقراء والميدان

قال فقلت ايها الطائر الضعيف ، صاحب الجسد
النفيس ، ما لى اراكى اذا طلعت الشمس وقعت فى

لا بد أن يعود، وتعود له أيام السعد، فان آدم
 لما اخرج الى مزرعة الوجود، قيل له ازرع اليوم ما
 هو في غد محصود، وما عسى ان نفعه عليك يعود،
 فاذا انتهى زرعك ونى فرعك تعد الى مقامك
 المحمود، على رغم العدو والحسد، ومن عمل عملك
 فهو مسعود، ومن هذا حظك فهو موعود بدار الخلود،
 الا تراني لما علت همتي، وصمت عزمتي، كيف غلت
 قيمتي، فلم ارض لنفسي، ما يرتضيه ابناء جنسي،
 لكنني نظرت الى الوجود، وما فيه موجود، فرايت
 آدم وبنيه من دون الكل هو المقصود، خلق الله
 الكائنات من اجلهم وخلقهم من اجله، فوصل حبلم
 بحبله، وفعل معهم ما هو من اهله، فلذلك زاحمتهم
 في كلامهم، وشاركتهم في طعامهم، فاتشبه بهم وان لم اكن
 منهم، واتخلق بهم، واخاطبهم، ولا ارغب عنهم، فغلت
 قيمتي، اذ علت همتي، فاحلوني محل النديم، والى بيني
 وبينهم السبع العليم، فاذا ذكر كما يذكرون، واشكر
 كما يشكرون، فلعلم عند اللقا يذكروني، واذا
 ذكرت يشكروني، فاكون في الدنيا من خدامهم،
 وفي الآخرة تحت اقدامهم،

شعر

اختبر حالي تجذني
 من امح الناس محبزي
 انا قد احببت قوما
 هرفوا معني ومنظر
 كبروا قدرا وذكر
 فهم ازكى واطهر
 هكذا قد قال حقا
 سيد الناس وبشر
 كل من بهوى حبيبا
 فع الحبوب يحشر

قال فلما سام نفسه بهذا السوم، وجلس بجالس
 صدر القوم، قلت ما رايت كلبوم، البهائم في اليقظة
 وانا في النوم، فالى لا اراح على ابواب ذى المراح،
 لعل يوهب مرحوم لراح، ويقال مرجبا بالقادم،
 ها قد وهبنا للجناية للنادم،

قال الشيخ تالله لقد رثيت لمصابه، وبكيت لاوصابه،
ولا شيء أنكى من الاغترب، بعد الاقترب، ولا امر
من المحباب، بعد مشاهدة الاحباب،

اشارة الدرة

قال فيبفا هو كلما نظر الى ريشه نظره، تذكر
تلك الحضرة، فجدد الحسرة، وكلما نظر الى ساقه
صاح وصعد الزفره، اذ رايت الى جانبه دُرّه، وقد
كسيت ثياب الحضرة، كانها للناظرين حضرة،
فصاحت بفصاحتها ايها الطاووس، الى كم هذا
العبوس، انت في الصورة عروس، وفي المعنى كظلمة
الناووس، اوقفك الراى المعكوس، حتى اخرجك من
مكانك المانوس، وما اخرجت من منزلتك الالحياتك
على الساكن، وحركتك في الامر الساكن، فلو
فكرت في السبب الذي اخرجت به، والرجل الذي
طردت بسببه، لاشغلك اصلاح شانك، على التنزه في
بستانك، ويجب عليك كما جنيت على ادم في تلك
الدار، ان تشتغل هاهنا بالاعتذار، وتشاركه في
الاستغفار، وتزاحمه في خلوات الازكار، وتعترف
بذنوبك بعد الانكار، لعلك ان تزور معه اذا زار، لانه

ولكن القدر يوقع في المكاره ، وينفر الطير عن
 اوصاره ، ولقد كانت ابليس يرفل في حلل قربه ، فما
 تركه شوم رايه حتى تاه على ادم بعجه ، وكانت لي معه في
 تلك القضية ، قصة غير مرضيه ، فوقعني في الخطيه ،
 وما اطلعني على ما له من خبت الطويه ، غير اني كنت
 له دلاله ، وكانت الحية في دخوله الجنة محتاله ، فاخرجت
 معهم من ديار العزالي ديار الاذلال ، وقيل هذه اجرة
 الدلال ، وجزاء من علم الانزال ، ثم ابقيت على زينة
 ريشي ، اتذكر بها ما كان من سفر عيشي ، فيزبدني
 ذلك تحرقا وتشوقا ، والى الجنة تلهفا وتنوفا ، ثم جعلت
 علامة الخط في ماضي ، لانظرها كل حين باعداق ،
 وينادي على بنقص ميثاق ، ثم الفت من البقاع
 بفضة تشاكل ما اخرجت منه ، وطردت بشقاوتي عنه ،
 فانتذكر بالبساتين مراع ربوعي ، واجرى عليها
 سواكب دموعي ، واليوم نفسي التي كانت سبب وقوعي ،
 واتحول كلما تذكرت تفريق جموعي ،

شعر

يا دار هل يقضي لنا برجموعي

ويعود لي يا عين طيب جموعي
 يا سادة كاد المشوق لبيهم
 يقضي اسا في ساعة التوديعي
 قلبي ليوم فراقكم متوجع
 وارحمناه لقلبي الموجوعي
 فرقتموا ما بين جفني والكري
 ووصلتموا بين الاسا وضلوعي
 جسي معي والقلب بين خيامكم
 ما ضركم لو كان ثم جميعي
 واذا ذكرت لياليا سلفت لنا
 في وصل احبابي وظل ربوعي
 فاكاد من حرقى اذوب صباية
 لولا تجود علي فيض دموعي
 ووعدتموني في الخيال بزورة
 فتضاعفت حرقى وزاد ولوعي
 ان كان ذنبي صدني عن وصلكم
 فاليكموا فقرى اعز شفيعي
 ماضي القطيعة لا يعاد وما جرى
 كاف وحسبي ذلتي وخضوعي

اهيم وحدي بصدق وجدى
وحسن قصدى عسى اراه
انكر محبى غرام قلبى
وما دروا بالذى دهاه
احببت مولى اذا تجلّى
اقتبس البدر من سناه
تحيز الناس فيه طرا
وجلة الخلق فيه تاهوا
ولا اسهيه غيرانى
ان غلب الوجد قلت يا هو

قال فاخذت موعظته بجامع قلبى ، وخلعت عنى ملابس
عجبى ، الا ان الهوى يقول عجبى ،

أشارة الطاوس

قال ثم التفت فرايت طاوسا ، وقد شرب من خمرة
العجب كوسا ، وقد لبس من ملابس التلبيس ، وهو
الذى عاد عليه شوم ابليس ، قد زين ريشه الوان ،
وفن عيشه افنان ، لا يابى الى الجنان ، والله اعلم ما
فى الجنان ، فقلت له ويحك كم بينك وبين اليوم ،
فى الحظ المقسوم ، انت ايها العانى ، نظرت فى الصور
وهو نظر فى المعانى ، واغتررت بالامانى وفرحت
بالفانى ، فقال لى يا عانى ، يا من هو بالشهامة نعانى ،
لا تظهر لى الشهامة ، ولا تذكر الحزين ما فاته ، فقد
قيل فى الخبر ، ارحموا عزيز قوم ذل وغنى قوم افتقر ،
اين كنت وانا فى الجنان اطوف ، بين الجداول والقطوف ،
وادور دورها ، وادخل قصورها ، وازور ولدانها ،
وحورها ، شرابى التسبيح وطعامى التقديس ، حتى ساق
القدر المقدور الى ابليس ، فالبسنى ملابس التلبيس ،
وعوضنى بالحسيس عن النفيس ، هذا وانا لمراده كاره ،

اشارة البوم

قال فننادني البوم، وهو منفرد في الخراب مهوم،
ابها الصديق الصادق، وللحل المرافق، لا تكن
بمقالة الخطاف واثقا، ولا لفعله موافقا، فانه ان
سلم من شبه زادم، فما سلم من نزه فرحم واعبادهم،
وتكثير سوادهم، وقد علمت ان من كثر سواد قوم فهو
منهم، ولو صحبهم ساعة كان مستولا عنهم، وقد فهمت
ان مبتدا التفريط، من افات التخليط، والخلطة غلظه،
واول السيل نقطه، واعلم ان السلامة في العزله،
فمن وليها فلا يخاف عزله، فهلا استسنّ بسنتي، وتاسق
بوحدتي، واعتزل المنازل والنازل، وآزهد في الماكل
والآكل، الا تراني لا اشاركهم في منازلهم، ولا اجالسهم
في مجالسهم، ولا اسكنهم في مساكنهم، ولا ازاحمهم
في اماكنهم، بل اخترت الدائر من الجدران، ورضيت
بالخراب عن العمران، فسلمت من الانكاد، وامنت
من الحساد، ولم ازل عن الاحباب وحيدا، ومن القرنا

فريدا، وعن الاتراب بعيدا شريدا، فمن كان مسكنه
التراب، كيف يساكن الاتراب، من كان الليل
والنهار يخربان عمره كيف لا يقنع بالخراب، من علم
ان العروان طال قصير، وان كلا الى الفنا يصير،
بات على خشن الحصير، وافطر على قرص الشعير،
ورضى من الدنيا باليسير، وعلم ان فريقا في الجنة
وفريقا في السعير، انا نظرت الى الدنيا وخرابها،
والى الآخرة واقترابها، والى القيامة وحسابها، والى
النفس واكتسابها، فضغلتى التفكير في حالي، عن
منزلي الخالي، واذهلني ما على وما لي، واذهبني عن
اهلي ومالي، واهمني محتي واعتلالي، عن القصور العوالي،
فجلا اليقين عن نظر بصرى كل شبهه، فعلمت ان لا
فرحة تدوم ولا نزهه، وانه كل شئ هالك الا وجهه،
فعرفت من هو، وما عرفت ما هو، وحيث كنت فلا
ارى الا هو، فاذا نطقت فلا اقول الا هو،

شعر

افردني عنهم هواه
وليس لي مقصد سواه

حبته ، فقصدت المنازل ، غير مضرّ بالنازل ، ابنتي
 بيتي من حافات الانهار ، واكتسب قوتي من ساحات
 القفار ، فلست للجاركمن جار ، ولا لاهل الدار كالعذار ،
 بل احسن جوارى مع جارى ، وليس منهم رسم جارى ،
 اكثر سوادهم ، ولا استطعم زادهم ، فزهدي فيما في
 ايديهم ، هو الذي حببني اليهم ، فلو شاركتهم في قوتهم ،
 لما بقيت معهم في بيوتهم ، فانا شريكهم في انديتهم ،
 لا في اغديتهم ، مزاحمهم في اوقاتهم ، لا في اقواتهم ،
 مكتسب من اخلاقهم ، لا من ارزاقهم ، منتهب من
 حالهم ، لا من مالهم ، مقتبس من برهم ، لا من برهم ،
 راغب في حُبهم ، لا في حَبهم ، مقتديا في ذلك باشارة
 صاحب الاشارة صلى الله عليه وسلم ازهد في الدنيا
 يحبك الله وازهد فيها في ايدي الناس يحبك الناس ،

شعر

كن زاهدا فيها خوته يد الوري
 تغى الى كل الانام حبيبا
 اوما ترى للخطاف حرم زادهم
 فعدا ربيبا في المحور قريبا

قال فقلت لله درك لقد عشت سعيدا ، وموت سيرا
 حميدا ، ووفقت امرا رشيدا ، وقلت قولا سديدا ،
 فلا اطلب على موعظتك مزيدا ،

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فعبدكم على حفظ الامانه  
مقيم لا يزحزحه عنول  
ولا يثنى معنفة عنانه  
حملت لاجلكم ما ليس تقوى  
جبال الشم تحمله رزانه  
وحفظ العهد ما وافاه حر  
وطوقه فتى الأوزانه  
فدعه وحب من بهوى والا  
فشانك يا معنفة وشانه

## اشارة الخطاف

قال فبيها نحن نتذاكر اوصاف الاشراف ،  
واشراف الاوصاف ، اذ نظرت الى خطاف ، وهو  
بالبيت قد طاف ، فقلت ما لي اراك للبيوت لازما ،  
وعلى موانسة الانس عازما ، فلو كنت فى امرى حازما ،  
لما فارقت ابنا جنسك ، ورضيت فى البيوت بحبسك ،  
ثم انك لا تنزل الا فى المنازل العامرة ، والمساكين  
التي هى باعلها عامرة ، فقال يا كئيف الطبع ،  
يا ثقل السمع ، اسع ترجمة حالى ، وكيف عن الطير  
ارتحالى ، انا فارقت امثالى ، وهاشرت غير اشكالى ،  
واستوطنت السقوف ، دون الشعاب والكهوف ، الا  
لفضيلة الغربة ، ولزوما لاداب العجبة ، محبت من  
ليس منى لاكون غريبا ، وجاورت خيرا منى ليصير  
لى بينهم نصيبا ، فاعيش عيش الغرباء ، واقوز بعجة  
الادبا ، والغريب مرحوم فى غربته ، ملطوف به فى



## أشارة الحمام

قال فيبها انا مستغرق في لذة كلامه ، معتبر بحكمه  
واحكامه ، اذ رايت امامه حمامه ، قد جعل طوق  
العبودية في عنقها علامه ، فقلت لها حدثيني عن  
ذوقك وشوقك ، واوصي لي ما للحكمة في تطويع  
طوقك ، فقالت انا المطوقة بطوق الامانه ، المقلدة  
بتقليد الصيانه ، تدبث لحمل الرسائل ، وتبليغ  
الوسائل للسايل ، ولكني اخبرك عن القصة العجيبة ،  
فان الدين النصيحة ، ما كل طائر امين ، ولا كل حالف  
يصدق في اليمين ، ولا كل سالك من اصحاب اليمين ،  
انما المخصوص بحمل الامانة جنس ، وما ابرى نفس ،  
يحمل الامانة من الطير ما كان ابلق واخضر ، لانه  
احسن في المنظر ، واعدل في الخبر ، فاذا كان الطائر  
اسود دل على تجاوز طبيعه حد النصيحة ، وان كان  
ابيض دل على قصور الطبيعة عن حد النصيحة ،

فيدل على انحراف المزاج عن الاعتدال ، وقصر الهمة  
عن بلوغ الامال ، ولا تكون الهمة العلية ، الا في الروح  
الزكية ، ولا شرف العزيمه ، الا في النفس النفيسة  
المستقيمة ، واذا اعتدل لون الطائر دل على اعتدال  
تركيبه ، ويصلح حينئذ لتقريبه وتاديبه ، فيشتري  
بالفخري ، ويعرف الطريق بالتدريج ، فاقول حملوني  
فاحمل كتب الاسرار ، ولطائف الرسائل والاخبار ،  
فاطير ، وعقلي مستطير ، خائفا من جارح جارح ،  
حاذرا من ساحج ساحج ، جازعا من صايد ذاج ، فاهاجر ،  
واكابد الظما في الهواجر ، واطوى على الطوى في  
الحاجر ، فلو رايت حبة قمح مع شدة جوعى رجعت  
عنها ، وذكرت ما جرى على ادم منها فارتفع خشية  
من كمين فخ مدفون ، او شرك يعيقني عن تبليغ  
الرسالة فانقلب بصفقة المغبون ، فاذا وصلت ، وفي  
مامنى حصلت ، اديت ما حملت ، واخبرت ما علمت ،  
فهنا لك طوقت ، وبالبشارة خلقت ، وانقلب الى شكر  
الله على ما وفقك ،

شعر

الحباني وصلت او هجرتم

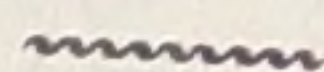


امتنعت ، وعند الامتحان ، يكرم المرء أو يهان ، فلما  
 رأى مودبى تخليط الوقت ، خاف على من المقت ، فكم  
 بصرى بكمة لا تتمدن عينيك ، وعقد لسانى بعقده لا  
 تحرك به لسانك ، وقيدنى بقيد ولا تمش فى الارض  
 مرحا ، فانا من وثاقى متالم ، وما الاق لا اتكلم ، فلما  
 كملت وادبت ، وجربت وهذبت ، استصلحنى مودبى  
 لارسالى الى الصيد ، وزال عنى ذلك القيد ، فاطلقت  
 وارسلت ، باشارة انا ارسلناك ، فما رفعت الكلمة  
 عن عينى ، حتى اصلحت ما بينه وبينى ، فوجدت الملوك  
 خدامى ، واكفهم تحت اقدامى ،

## شعر

امسكت عن فضل الكلام لسانى  
 وكففت عن نظر الدنا انسانى  
 ما ذاك الا ان قرب منيتى  
 لزخارف اللذات قد انسانى  
 ادبت آداب الملوك وعلمت  
 روحى هناك صنائع الاحسانى  
 ارسلت من كف بالملوك مجردا

وجعلت ما ابغيه نصب عيانى  
 حتى ظفرت ونلت ما املته  
 ثم استجبت اليه حين دعانى  
 هذا لعمري رسم كل مكلف  
 بوظائف التسليم للايمانى

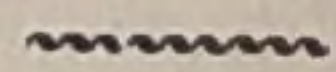




الأتكدرت ، ولا عيشة حلوة الا تهررت ، فقرات في  
مثال العرفان ، كل من عليها فان ، فكيف لا انوح  
على حال يحول ، ووقت يدول ، وعيش يزول ، ووصل  
عن قريب مفصول ، وهذه الجملة من شرح حالي تغنى  
من الفصول ،

## شعر

حديث ذاك الحمى روجي وربحاني  
فلا تلمني اذا كررت للحماني  
روض به الراح والريحان قد جمعا  
وحضرة ما لها في حسناتها ثاني  
من ابيض يقق او اصفر فقح  
او اخضر رقق او احمر قاني  
والنهر والزهر والاعصان ترقص في  
ميدان عشقي على اوتار عيداني  
والوصل دان وشمل الوصل مجمع  
هذا هو العيش الا انه فاني



## اشارة الباز

فنادى الباز ، وهو في ميدان البراز ، ويحك لقد صغر  
جِرمك ، وكبر جِرمك ، ولقد اقلقت بتغريدك الطير ،  
واطلاق لسانك يجلب اليك الضير ، وما يفيض بك  
الى خير ، او ما علمت ان ما يهلك الانسان ، الا عثرات  
اللسان ، فلو لا لقلقة لسانك ، ما اخذت من بين  
اقرانك ، وحبست في ضيق الاقفاص ، وسد عليك  
باب الخلاص ، وهل ذلك الا مما جناه عليك لسانك ،  
فافتح به بيانك ، فلو اهديت بهمتي ، واقتديت  
بهمتي ، لبرئت من الملامه ، وعلمت ان الصمت رفيق  
السلامه ، لم ترني لزمت الصمت ، والفت السكوت ،  
فكان الصمت جمالي ، ولزوم الادب كماله ، اقتنصت  
من البرية جبرا ، وجلبت الى بلاد الغربه قهرا ، فلا  
بالسريرة بحت ، ولا على الاطلال نحت ، بل ادبت  
حين غربت ، وقربت حين جربت ، وامتنحت حين



## شعر

واذا نظرت لربها العطالي  
فابكى عليه بدمعك الهطالي  
يبكى المشوق اذا البروق تبسمت  
ووشيت اليه نسائم الامالي  
فتنفس الصعدا من وجد له  
متلقنا لدوارس الاطلالي  
لا تعذله على جواه ولا تله  
ه على هواه فليس عنه بسالي  
واترك مقاومة الغرام فانه  
فيه اللهيپ وما به بلبالي

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اشارة الهزار

قال فبيها انا مصغ لمنادمة ازهارها ، على حافات
انهارها ، اذ صاحت فصاحة اطييارها من اوكارها ،
فاول ما صوت الهزار ، ونادى على نفسه بخلع العذار ،
وباح بها يكتامه من الاسرار ، وقال بلسان حاله انا
العاشق الولهان ، الهائم اللفهان ، الصادي الظمان ،
اذا رايت فصل الربيع قد حان ، ومنظره البديع قد
آن ، تجدني في الرياض فرحان ، وفي الغياض اردد
الالحان ، اغنى واطرب ، وادبر الكاس على فاشرب ، فانا
بنغمتي طربان ، ومن نشوتي سكران ، فاذا زمزم النسيم
وصفقت اوراق الاغصان ، ارقص على العيدان ، فكانها
الزهر والنهر لي عيدان ، وانت تحسبني في ذلك عاشقا
عابثا ، لا والله ولست في اليمين حائثا ، وانما انوح حزنا
لا طربا ، وابوح ترحا لا فرحا ، لاني ما وجدت روضة
الاتبلبلت على بلبالها ، ولا نزهة الانحت على اضحلالها ،
ولا حضرة الا بكيت على زوالها ، فاني ما رايت صفوة

أمرى ، ولو شاء ربي لطاب بين الثلاثك ذكرى ،
وفاج بين الازاهير نشرى ، لكن الطيب لا يفوح
الا ممن يطيب ، وعلامات القبول لا تلوح الا على من
رضى عنه الحبيب ، ويحق لمن اصبح في هواه كئيب ،
وفي معناه سليب ، ان يندب عليه بالنحيب ، ويبكى
عليه بالدمع الصيب ،
شعر

لا تلمنى اذا شققت رداً
فلامي يزيد في الحب دأى
انا قلبي قد سودته ذنوبى
وقضا لى معذبى بشقائى
من رانى يظن خيراً ولكنى
خالقى عالم يانى مرأى
قد تحسنت منظرا ولباسا
ورزايا محشوة بحشائى
واحياى اذا سئلت وما لى
من جواب واخجلتى واحياى
لو كشفت الستور عن سوء حالى
لرايت السرور للاعدائى

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## اشارة السحاب

فلما حسن العتاب ، وطاب فصل الخطاب ، دمع  
السحاب ، فانبسط وساح في فسيح الرحاب ، وقال  
سبحان الله اينكر فضلى عليكم ، وانا الباعث  
ظلى ووبلى اليكم ، وهل انتم الا اطفال جودى ،  
ونسلا وجودى ، كم ملات البر براً ببرى ، والبحر  
دراً بدرى ، انا مغذى نطف البذر فى بطن امه ،  
ومستخرجه بالقوم من غمه ، فاذا تخضت الحوامل بحملها ،  
واستخرجت بنات النبات من حفرة رملها ، جعلت  
حوالته الى ، وحضائنه على ، فلم يزل تدى درى عليه  
دراراً ، ومزبد برى اليه مدراراً ، فاذا انقضت ايام  
الرضاع ولم يبق الا الفطام ، فاقطع ثدى عنه فيصبح  
لاهل الدنيا حطام ، فكان بعثه فى انسكاب عبراتى ،  
ونشوره فى بعث قطراتى ، فالكل فى الحقيقة اطفالى ، ولو  
اعترفوا بحقى لكانوا من الجواطفالى ، وقد سمع كل  
حى فى حى ، وجعلنا من الماء كل شىء حى ،



يعارضني بانفاس مراض  
كانفاسي وقد مليت غراما  
وقد عرفت بطيب العرف لما  
كساها اللطق اخلاقا كراما  
اهم بنشرها طربا ووجدا  
فبدي البرق عن طربي ابتساما  
تمر على الرياض بارض نجد  
فتنعطف الغصون لها احتشاما  
يقلقني حمام الايك نوحا  
ويذكرني المنازل والخياما  
خيام تجمع الاحباب فيها  
وفيها يبلغ القلب المراما  
تجلى وجه من اهواه فيها  
بحسن نوره يجلو الظلاما

### اشارة الشقيق

فتنفس الشقيق بين ندمائه، وهو مصرح بدمائه،  
واستوى على ساقه ووثب، وقال يا لله العجب، ما بال  
لوني باهي، وحسني زاهي، وقدرى بين الرياحين  
واهي، فلا احد بي يباهي، ولا ناظر الي ساهي، فليت  
شعري ما الذي اسقط جاهي، ارفل في ثوبي القاني،  
وانا مدحوض عند من يلقياني، فلا انا في الحضرة حاضر،  
ولا يشار الي بالنواظر، ولا اصاغ بالمناخر، وما برحت  
في عدد الرياحين اخر، فانا طريد عن صهي، بعيد  
عن قربي، وما اظن ذلك الا من سواد قلبي، فلا حول  
لي في قضا ربي، فلما رايت باطني محشوا بالذنوب،  
وقلبي مسودا بالعيوب، علمت ان الله تعالى لا ينظر الى  
الصور ولكن ينظر الى القلوب، فكان اعجابي باثوابي،  
سببا لحجابي عن ثوابي، فكنت كالرجل المنافق الذي  
حسن سيرته، وقبعت سريرته، وراق في المنظر  
سيمته، وقل في الخبر قيمته، ولو صلح قلبي لصلح



### اشارة الخزام

فلما رأى الخزام، ما يكابه الزهر من القيد والالتزام،  
فمنها ما يضام، وينشر بعد النظام، وبالثمن الجنس  
يسام، قال أنا ما لي والزحام، لا اعشر اللثام، ولا  
اسمع قول اللوام، والزمت من بين الازهار، ان لا  
اجاور الانهار، ولا اقف على شفا جرف هار، ارافق  
الوحش في النفار، واسكن البرارى والقفار، احب  
للخلوات، واستوطن الفلوات، فلا ازاحم في المحافل،  
ولا اتحمل مئة الزارع والكافل، ولا تقطفني ايدي  
الاسافل، ولا احمل الى اللادع والهازل، لكنتني  
بعيد عن المنازل، تجدني في ارض نجد نازل، رضيت  
بالبر الفسيح، وقنعت لمحاوذة الغزال والشيح، تعبق  
بنشري الريح، فتحملني الى ذوى التقديس والتسبيح،  
لا ينشقني الا من له ذوق صحيح، وشوق صريح، وهو  
على زهد المسبح، وصبر الذبيح، فانا رفيق السواح،

في العدو والرواح، فافوز بالاجور، واسلم من حضور  
اهل الفجور، فلا احضر على منكر، ولا اجلس عند  
من يشرب ويسكر، فانا الحر الذي لا يباع في  
الاسواق، ولا ينادى على بالنفاق، في سوق النفاق،  
ولا تحضرني الفساق، ولا ينظرني الا من شمر عن ساق،  
وركب جواد العزيمة وساق، فلو رايتني في البوادي،  
والنسيم يهيم بي في كل وادي، اعطر البادي، بعطر  
البادي، واروح النادى، بنشري النادى،  
ان عرض بذكرى الحادى، حن اليه كل راج وغادى،

شعر

يحدثني النسيم عن الخزام  
ويقريني عن الشج السلام  
فهمت بما فهمت وطبت وجدا  
فما احلاه لي لو كان داما  
ويسرى تحت جنح الليل سرا  
فيوقظني وقد هجع النداما  
واسكرني شذاها حين هبت  
كافي قد ترشفت المداما



### اشارة الاخوان

فنادى على نفسه الاخوان ، وهو بها كسى من  
النضارة فرحان ، وقال قد آن ظهورى ، وحن  
حضورى ، واعتدل فصل وجودى ، وطاب فى الحضرة  
شهودى ، وكيف لا يطيب وقتى ، وهذه الانهار تجرى  
من تحتى ، وكيف لا اودى بالشكر زكاة حولى ، وقد تم  
نصاب حولى ، وما ذاك من فوق ولا حولى ،  
فبباض هو العلم المعلم ، واصفرارى هو السقم المبرم ،  
واختلاف الوافى هو المتشابه المحكم ، فان كنت  
للمرموز تفهم ، فقم الى تغم ، وإلا نَمَ ، وان كنت لا  
تدرى ما نَمَ ، فحقيق ان يقام عليك مأثم ،

شعر

اذا لم تدرك المعنى وتدرى  
خفايا ما اقول فلا تلمنى  
نعمتك مشفقا بلسان حالى

وما يغنيك شرح الحال عنى  
اما يكفيك حولى كل حول  
وما نالته ايدى الدهر منى  
فكم وافيتنى فى جمع شمل  
زمانا ثم جئت فلم تجدنى  
حمام الايك يسعفنى اذا ما  
شكوت اليه اشجائى يجبنى  
ينوح علىّ عن علم بشائى  
ملقا للفناء بكل فتى  
وانت تظنه طربا ولهاوا  
فقرح بين عيدياتى وغصنى  
حقيق ان يباح عليك اذ لم  
تفرّق بين افراحى وحزنى

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اشارة الريحان

فقال الريحان ، قد آن حضوري وحن ، فخذني
 خديما ، واتخذني نديما ، فرطيب خضرتي ، تخبر عن
 طيب خضرتي ، فكيف تستريح روح بغير ريحان ،
 أم كيف يلد سماع بغير الحان ، أنا الموعود في الجنان ،
 الساري بانفاسي الى صميم الجنان ، فلو في اعدل
 الالوان ، وكوفي الطيف الاكوان ، من جناني من جناني ،
 استنشق نشري المطوى في جناني ، فانا اليق الانهار ،
 وحليف الازهار ، وجليس السهار ، وكاتم الاسرار ، فان
 سمعت في جنسي بالفام ، فلا تكن له لوام ، فانه ما
 نم الا على عطره ، وما باح الا بسره ، وما فاح الا
 بنشره ، وباح بسره اعلاما ، ونشر من نشره اعلاما ،
 فلذلك سقى نهاما ، وليس من نم على نفسه ، كمن نم
 على غيره ، ولا من جاد بخيره ، كمن جاد بضيره ، ولكن
 جفت الاقلام ، وجرت الاحكام ، بان الفام ، مذموم
 بين الانام ، والسلام ،

شعر

سايلى عن خفي سر غرامي
 ونيك اقصر وخلي وهيامي
 انا مستودع لسر حبيبي
 كيف ابدى ولست بالفامي

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### أشارة الياسمين

فضاح بفصاحته الياسمين ، وقال ان الياس مين ،  
ويحك انا أفوح بوقاحة روحى من الرياحين ، وانتردد  
الى الاحباب حيناً بعد حين ، اجلب من خزائن  
الغيوب ، فلا اسكن الا فى كهائن الجيوب ، ابوح بسرى  
ايها حضرت ، واقوح بعطرى ايها خطرت ، لا اخفى  
على ذى ذوق ، ولا ينكرنى من له شوق ، فريعى على  
الرياحين يعلوا ، ونشرى على الازاهير يسموا ، لان  
من طاب معناه كان اطيب وازكى ، ومن مح دعواه كان  
اظهر واذكى ، فمن اراد مراتب العلا فليعال  
بلطافة معاليه ، وليرق فى درج معاليه ، ومن قصر  
فى تدانيه ، لم يفز بامانيه ، وفى اشاره ، وحقيقتها  
للتالبيين بشاره ، فلول اسمى ياس واخره مين ،  
فالياس مين ، والمين شين ، فلما اجتمع ياس ومين ،  
دلا على بينونة البين ، وبشر بقرعة العين ،

### شعر

رايت الفال بشرى بخير  
وقد اعدى الى الياسمين  
فلا تحزن فان الحزن شين  
ولا تيأس فان الياس مين



## شعر

ما نجت من ارضكم نسمة  
الا وسع الدمع هجوا وساح  
لولاكم يا اهل ذاك الحمى  
ما راح قلبي موثقا بالجراح  
اسرتم القلب ويكفيكم  
لا تقتلوني قد رميت السلاح

ان غلب على وجدى ، وحت بما عندي ، فليس على  
العاشق جناح

## شعر

لا تلمني ان بدا مني افتضاح  
ما على العاشق ان باح جناح

واما الازرق فانطوى على جواه ، وصبر على اذاه ،  
وكم بالنهار شذاه ، وقال انا لا ابوح بسرى لعاشق ، ولا  
افوح بالنهار لناشق ، فاذا جن ليلى ابديت ما بي  
لاحبابي ، وشكوت مصابي ، لاهل اوصابي ، فاذا دارت  
الكؤوس شربت كاسي ، واذا طابت النفوس سعدت

انفاسي ، فانا لجلادي ، كالخليل المواسي ، ومتى دعيت  
لايناس ، جيت اسعى على راسي ، والى الله اشكوا ما  
اقاسي ، من القلب القاسي ، وما كتبت بالنهار عطري ،  
واخترت في الليل هتك ستري ، الا لان الليل خلوة  
العشاق ، وجلوة كل مشتاق ، وغيبة الرقيب ، وحضرة  
الحبيب ، فاذا قال هل من سائل ، جعلت اليه انفاسي  
رسائل ، وذلي لعزه وسائل ،

## شعر

اصعد انفاس شوقي اليه  
واوقف طيب ثنای عليه  
ومالي الى وصله شافع  
سوى حسن ظني وذلي لديه  
وقلبي في سخطه والرضى  
سواء فما حال عن حالتيه

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بي الالام القاسية ، وتلطف بي الطبايع العاتية ، وتدفع
بدوائى الادواء العادية ، فالناس ممتعون بيباسى ورطبى ،
جاهلون بعظم خطبى ، غافلون عما اودع بي من حكم
ربى ، وانى لمن يتدبرنى عبرة لمن اعتبر ، وتذكرة لمن
اذكر ، وفى مزدجر لمن ازدجر ، حكمة بالغة فما تغنى
النذر ،

شعر

ولقد عجت من البنفسج اذ غدا
يحكى باوراق على اغصانه
جيشا طوارقه الزبرجد رصعت
احجار ياقوت على خرصانه
فكانما اعداوه بجلادة
شيلت رؤسهم على عيدانه

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### اشارة المنتور

فناداه منظوم المنتور ، بنقشه المغرور ، ونفسه المصدور ،  
ورقشه المبثور ، وقال ما هذا الغرور ، بالعر المبثور ، وما  
هذا السرور ، بالعيش المكثور ، اما تعتبر بغصنى  
المائل ، ولونى الحائل ، وعمرى الزائل ، وايامى القلائل  
غيرتنى حوادث الايام ، وقسمت لونى على ثلاثة  
اقسام ، فهى الاصفر كسى من السقم ثوبا معصفرا ،  
فكان كالعشاق منظرا ومخبرا ، ومنى الابيض اليقق ،  
كسى ثوب القلق ، من الفرق ، ومنى الازرق ، الذى  
كاد بكمه يحنق ، فاما الابيض فلا يفوح عطره ،  
ولا يلوح بشره ، ولا ينشق نشره ، ولا يكشف سترة ،  
لانه كتم سره فما باح ، واخفى عطره فما فاح ، وملك  
امره فلا تلعب به الالهواء والرياح ، واما الاصفر  
فخلع العذار واستراح ، وتوشح من السقم بوشاح ،  
وفاح عطره فى الغدو والرواح ، وصعد انفاس نشره  
فى المساء والصباح ،



بالذى قدّمَا في العرش استوى  
ان في شرح غرامى عبّرة  
لذوى القلب اذا القلب ارعوى  
كنت بالامس كبد رطالع  
وانا اليوم كنهم قد هوى

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اشارة البنفسج

فتنفس البنفسج تنفس السعداء وتاؤة تاؤة البعداء
وقال طوبى لمن عاش عيش السعداء ومات موت
الشهداء الى كم اذوب بالذبول كمدا واكتسى
بالنحول اثوابا جددا افنتنى الايام فما اطالت لي
امدا، وغيّرتنى الاحكام فما ابقت لي جلدًا ولا جلدًا،
فما اقصر ما قضيت عيشًا رغدا، وما اطول ما بقيت
يابسا مجردا، وجملة حصولي، اننى اوخذ ايام
حصولي، فاقطع من اصولي، وامنع من وصولي، وكم
ممن يتقوى على ضعفى، ويعسف بي مع ترفى
ولطفى وظرفى، فيتنعم بي من حضرفى، ويحتلبنى
من نظرفى، ثم لا البت الا يوما او بعض يوم، حتى
اسام بانجس سوم، ويعاد على بعد الثنا بللوم، فامسى
مما لقيت ممعوكا، وبايدى الحوادث معروكا، فاذا اصبحت
يابسا، ومن النضارة ايسا، اخذنى اهل المعانى، ومن
هو للحكم يعانى، فتفشش بي الاورام الفاشية، وتلين

قد انفرد ، فلا يفتقر الى احد ، ولا يستغنى عنه
 احد ، ولا يشاركه في ملكه احد ، الذي لم يلد ولم
 يولد ، ولم يكن له كفوا احد ، فهناك تمايلت قدودي ،
 طربا بطيب شهودي ، وتبلبلت بلابل سعودي ، على
 تحريك عودي ، ثم تدركني عناية معبودي ، فافكر
 في عدم وجودي ، وفوات مقصودي ، فانعطف على
 الورد فاخبره بورودي ، واخلع عليه من برودي ،
 واستخبره اين مقصدي وورودي ، فقال لي وجودك
 كوجودي ، وركوعك كسجودي ، انت بخضرة قدودك ،
 وانا بجمرة خدودي ، فاهم نجعل في النار وقودك
 ووقودي ، قبل نار خلودك وخلودي ، فقلت له اذا صح
 الاتئلاف ، ورضيت لنفسك بالتلاف ، فليس للخلاف
 خلاف ، فنقتطف على حكم الوراق ، ونختطف من بين
 الرفاق ، فتصعد انفاسنا بالاحتراق ، وتقطر دموعنا
 بلا اشفاق ، فاذا فبيننا على صور اشباحنا ، بقينا بمعاني
 ارواحنا ، فشتان بين غدونا ورواحنا ،

شعر

ورد الورد بشيرا بالذي
 فيه من لطف المعاني قد حوى

فانتنى البان له منعطفنا
 لاثم النشر الذي فيه انطوى
 مال يشكوا هيئ القد له
 فرط ما يلقاه من جور الهوى
 فرثاه الورد اذ قال له
 نحن خلان تقاسمنا الجوى
 فانا انت كما انت انا
 نحن في المعنا جميعا بالسوى
 كم رمينا في لظى نار ولا
 صاحبي ضل ولا قلبي غوى
 ولكم قد فرقت ايدي النوى
 بيننا والغصن منا ما ذوى
 لو ترى احشاءنا قد حشيت
 بلهيب النار والقلب انكوى
 وبها انفسنا قد صعدت
 مثل ما قد قطرت منا القوى
 كلنا نشكو بشجوا واحد
 ولكل في هواه مانوى
 قسما حقا يميننا صادقا

ومت مثل ما مات اهل الهوى
 وذابوا اشتياقا فنالوا المنا
 وما ضرهم حين ناداهم
 على طور سيناء انا

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### اشارة البان

فلما نظر الاشجار الى طرب البان بينهم ، وتمايله  
 دونهم ، لاموه على كثرة تمايله ، وعنفوه على اعجابه  
 بشهائله ، فقايل هنالك البان ، وقال قد ظهر عذرى  
 وبان ، فمن ذا يلومنى على تمايل اغصانى ، واهتزاز  
 اركانى ، وانا الذى بسطت لى الارض مطارفها ، واظهرت  
 لى الرياض زخارفها ، واهدت لى نسهات الاسحار لطائفها  
 وظرائفها ، فاذا رايت ساعة نشور اموات النبات قد  
 اقتربت ، ورايت الارض قد اهتزت وربت ، ونفخ فى  
 صور وعدى ، ونسخ حكم وعيدى بانجاز وعدى ، وحن  
 ورود وردى ، فانظر الى المورده وقد ورد ، والى البرد  
 وقد شرد ، والى الزهر وقد اتقد ، والى الحب وقد  
 انعقد ، والى الغصن اليابس وقد كسى بعد ما انجرد ،  
 والى اختلافى المطاعم والمشارب وقد اتحد ، فاعلم ان  
 صانعها واحد احد ، وصاحبها صمد ، وموجدتها بالقدرة



أشارة اللينوفر

فنادى اللينوفر، وحظه من السقم اوفى واوفر، اما  
تعتبر ابها الحزين باصفرارى، واين من القدر فرارى،  
انا الذى قد رضيت بعارى، ولست من العشق بعارى،  
الرياض دارى، والغياض قرارى، فان كنت عاشقا  
فدارى، ها انا اعشق صفا الماء الجارى، فلا افارقه  
صباحا ولا مساء، ولا صيفا ولا شتاء، ومن العجب انى به  
ولهان، وعليه لهفان، واليه ظمان وانا معه حيث كان،  
فهل سمعتم بمثل هذا الشأن، واقف فى الما عطشان، افقع  
عينى بالنهار، فيغار على من الاغيار، فاذا جن ليلى،  
انزلنى عن رتبتى وحطنى، واخذنى اليه وغطنى،  
فاغوص الى وكرى، واعدود الى خلوة فكرى، وتستغرق  
عينى، فى مشاهدة قرة عينى، فلا يعرف الجهول اينى،  
ولا يفرق العذول بين من احبه وبينى، فحيث مال بى  
هواى، لا انتظره الا حداى، ان ظمئت اروانى، وان

اويت اليه اوانى، فحياة وجودى بحياته، وبقا شهودى  
بثباته، وتمام ذاتى بذاته، وصفا صفاتى بصفاته، فما  
بيننا بين، ولولا ما كنت لا اثر ولا عين،

شعر

كسى للحب جسمى ثوب الضنا  
فروحى من شوقها فى عنا  
كان الهوى اذ رمت سهمه  
لقبى دون الورى قد عنا  
تداني فادنى الى اضلعي  
هوى كلما قد دنا قدنا  
بقيت له فى فناء به  
وابقى لى الوجد ذاك الفنا  
يقول لى للحب لا تالفن  
سوانا اذا رمت منى الغنا  
حمينا الوصال بحمد النصال  
فان تلق سهر القنا تلقنا  
فلا تجزعن لحر النبال  
ومر النكال ففيه الهنا



## أشارة النرجس

فاجابه النرجس من خاطره ، وهو ناظر لمناظره ،  
فقال انا رقيب القوم وشاهدهم ، وسميرهم ومنادهم ،  
وسيد القوم خادمهم ، اعلم من له همه ، كيف تكون  
شروط لخدمه ، اشد للخدمة وسطى ، واوثق بالعزيمة  
شرطى ، ولا ازال واقفا على قدم ، وكذلك وظيفة من  
خدم ، لا اجلس بين جلوسى ، ولا ارفع الى النديم  
راسى ، ولا امنع الطالب طيب انفاسى ، ولست لعهد  
من وصلنى ناسى ، ولا على من قطعنى قاسى ، ثم  
لا يفارق فى شربنى كاسى ، وكاسى بصفوه لى كاسى ، بنى  
على قضب الزمرد اساسى ، وجعل من اللجين والعجم  
لباسى ، اتلمح تقصيرى فاطرق اطراق الخجل ، وافكر  
فى مصيرى فاحدق لهجوم الاجل ، ومن العجب انى  
واقف على التفرقة فى مقام الجمع ، يدرك معنا شداى  
حاسة الشم لا حاسة السمع ، وهذا معنى لم يخطر بقلب  
ولا يهر بسمع ، فاطراقى اعتراف بتقصيرى ، واطلاقى نظر  
الى ما فيه مصيرى ،

## شعر

ان يكن منى دنى اجلى  
آه يا ذلى ويا خلى  
قمت من ذل على قدمى  
مطرقا بالراس من زلى  
لو بذلت الروح مجتهدا  
ونفيت النوم عن مقلى  
كنت بالتقصير معترفا  
خائفا من خيبة الاملى  
ان يكن للعبد سابقة  
سبقته فى الاعصر الاولى  
لم يكن فى النادمين غدا  
نافعى علمى ولا عملى  
مقلى انسانها ابدا  
قط لا يرتد فى اجلى  
عجلا فى خيفة وكذا  
خلق الانسان من عجلي



### اشارة المرسين

فلما سمع المرسين كلام الورد، قال قد لعب النعام  
بالنرد، وباح النسيم بسره، ونشر الحجاب عقود دره،  
وتضوع اليها بذخره، وتبهرج الربيع بقلائد فخره،  
وخلع الورد عذاره، وسحب عن الروض الانيق زهاره،  
وغرد الهزار، ولذ للعاشق المزار، فقم بنا نتفرج،  
ونتيه بحسنا وننتبهرج، فايام السرور نختلس،  
واوقات باسرها نختبس، فلما سمع الورد كلام المرسين،  
قال له يا امير الرياحين، بس ما قلت، ولو جمع  
بك الغضب ما صلت، فقد نزلت عن شيم الامراء،  
بعدم تاملك الصواب من الاراء، فمن المصيب اذا  
زلت، ومن الهادي اذا ضللت، تامر باللهو عندك،  
وتحرض على النزه جندك، وامير الرعيه، صاحب  
الفكرة الرديه، فلا يعجبك حسنك، اذا تمايل  
غصنك، واخضر اوراقك، واكرم اعراقك، فايام

الشباب، كزيارة الاحباب، سريعة الزوال، دارسة  
الطلال، كالطيف الطارق، وللخيال المارق، يطرق  
ويلم، فلا يقطع ولا يتم، وكذلك الشباب، اخضر  
الجلباب والثياب، مختلف الاجناس، كاختلاف الحيوان  
بين الناس، فمنها ما يشم ويذبل، ويجول خطابه  
ويتنقل، وتطرقة حوادث الايام، ويعود مطروحا على  
الاكوام، ومنها ما يوكل شمارة، وتجذ في الناس آثاره،  
والسالم من النار اقله، ولولا القضا والقدر لسلم كله،  
واياك واغترار، في هذا الدار، فانما انت فريسة  
لاسد الحمام، وبعد فقد نحتك والسلام،



### أشارة الورد

ثم سمعت أشارة الخواير بأفنانها، والأزاهير في  
تلون ألوانها، إذ قام الورد يخبر عن طيب وروده،  
ويعرف بعرفه عن شهوده، ويقول أنا الضيف الوارد  
بين الشتا والصيف، أزور زيارة الطيف، فاعتفوا  
وقتي فالوقت سيف، أعطيت لون المعشوق والبست  
ثوب العاشق، فارجع الناشق، واهج المشوق إلى  
العاشق، فانا الزاير وانت المزور، والطمع في بقاى  
زور، ثم من علامة الدهر المكدر، والعيش  
المسرور، أننى حيث ما نبت دابر الأشواق تراحمنى،  
وتجاورنى، فانا بين الادغال مطروح، وبينال شوكى  
مجروح، وهذا دمي على ما عندي يلوح، فهذا حالي  
وانا اشرف الورد، والطف الورد، فمن ذا الذي  
سلم من الانكاد، ومن صبر على مرارة الدنيا فقد  
بلغ المراد، فبيها انا ارفل في حل النصارة، إذ

اقتطفتني ايدى النصارة، فاسلمتني من بين  
الأزاهير، إلى ضيق القوارير، فيذاب جسدى، ويحرق  
كبدى، ويهزق جلدى، ويذهب جلدى، ويقطر  
دمى الندى، فلا يقام باودى، ولا يوخد بقودى،  
فجسدى في حرق، ودمى في غرق، وكبدى في قلق،  
وقد جعلت ما رشح من عرقى، شاهدا بما لقيت من  
حرقى، فيتناسى باحتراقى، اهل الاحتراق، ويتسرح  
بنفسى ذوا الاشواق، فانا فار عنهم بايى، باقى معهم  
بمعناى، اهل المعرفة يتوقعون لقاءى، واهل المحبة  
يتمنون بقاى،

### شعر

فان غبت جسما كنت بالروح حاضرا  
فقربى سواء ان تأملت والبعد  
وبالله ما احظا من الناس قائللا  
كانك ماء الورد اذ ذهب الورد

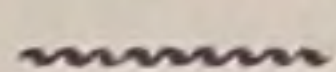


واهب في الصيف صبا فأنمى الثمار، واصفى الاشجار،  
 واهب في الخريف جنوبا فتأخذ كل ثمرة حد طيبها،  
 وتستوفي حق تركيبها، واهب في الشتاء دهورا ليخف  
 عن كل شجرة حملها، ويخف ورقها، ويبقى اصلها،  
 فانا الذي نهبوا في الثمار، ونزهوا في الازهار، وتسلسل  
 في الانهار، وتلغ الاشجار، وتروح الاسرار، وابشر الروار،  
 بقرب المزار،

## شعر

يا طيب ما نقل النسيم لمسعى  
 عن طيب ذاك المحل الارفع  
 واني لينشر ما انطوى من نشره  
 فسكرت من طيب الشدا المتصوي  
 ولربما اعتل النسيم اذا بدت  
 انفاس وجدى المستكن باصلي  
 هب الصبا سحرا لتبرد غلتي  
 فائار نار تحرق وتوجعي  
 ما ذاك الا انها لما سرت  
 مروت على تلك الربى والاربعى

وتحملت عرف الشدا من طيبها  
 فسكرت حتى لا افيق ولا اعي  
 وفعمت ما لم يفهم العشاق من  
 سر الهوى وسعيت ما لم تسمعي  
 وافت تبشرني بليلى انها  
 في حسنها سفرت ولم تتبرقي  
 وجلت على عشافها في حانها  
 وجهها تمنع في حى مقنعي





واهب في الصيف صبا فأنهى الثمار، واصفى الاشجار،  
واهب في الخريف جنوبا فتأخذ كل ثمرة حد طيبها،  
وتستوفي حق تركيبها، واهب في الشتاء دبورا ليخف  
عن كل شجرة حملها، ويحفظ ورقها، ويبقى اصلها،  
فانا الذي تنمو في الثمار، وتزهو في الازهار، وتسلسل  
في الانهار، وتلق الاشجار، وتروح الاسرار، وابشر الزوار،  
بقرب المزار،

## شعر

يا طيب ما نقل النسيم لمسعى  
عن طيب ذاك المحل الارفعي  
وافي لينشر ما انطوى من نشره  
فسكرت من طيب الشذا المنضوي  
ولربما اعتل النسيم اذا بدت  
انفاس وجدى المستكن باضلي  
هب الصبا محرا لتبرد غلتي  
فاتار نار تحرقى وتوجعى  
ما ذاك الا انها لما سرت  
مرت على تلك الربى والاربعى

وتحملت عرف الشذا من طيبها  
فسكرت حتى لا افيق ولا اعى  
وفهمت ما لم يفهم العشاق من  
سر الهوى وسعيت ما لم تسعى  
وافت تبشرني بليلى انها  
في حسنها سمرت ولم تتبرقى  
وجللت على عشاقها في حانها  
وجها تمنع في حى مقنى

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شعر

لم تر أن نسيم الصبا
 له نفس نشره صاعد
 فطورا ينوح وطورا يفوح
 كما يفعل الفاقه الواجد
 وسحب الغمام وندب الحمام
 اذا ما شكى غصنه المايد
 ونور الصباح ونور الاقحاح
 وقد هزه البارق الراعد
 ووافى الربيع بمعنى بديع
 يترجمه ورده الوارد
 وكل لاجلك مستنبط
 لما فيه نفعك يا جاحد
 وكل لآلئه ذاكر
 مقرر له شاكر حامد
 وفي كل شئ له اية
 تدل على انه واحد

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# اشارة النسيم

فاول ما سمعت هممة النسيم، بترنم بصوته الرخيم،  
 يقول بلسان حاله، مفعها عن سقمه وانتحاله، انا  
 رسول كل محب الى حبيبته، وحامل شكوى العليل  
 الى طبيبته، وان استودعت سرا اديته كما  
 استودعته، وان حملت نشرها رويتها كما سمعته، وان  
 صحبت محوبا لاطفته بلطافة اناسي، ومازحته بصفاء  
 ايناسي، وان طاب طبيبت، وان خبت خبثت، ثم  
 اني ان اعتللت صح بي العليل، وحيث حلت طاب بي  
 المقييل، وان تنفست تنفس المشتاق، وان ترنمت  
 توسوس العشاق، فانا لين الاعطاف، هين الانعطاف،  
 سريع الايتلاف، يعترف بلطف ذي الالطاف،  
 ولولا وجودي في الجولجاف، ولاتظن ان اختلاف  
 اهواي، سبب اغواي، بل اختلاف في الفصول  
 الاربع، لما هو اصلح لك وانفع، فاهب في الربيع  
 شملا فالق الاشجار، واعدل فصل الربيع والنهار،



الحكم ، ولم يقنع من اللين الا بزبده ، وعلم ان الله  
ما احدث حدثا ، واهله عبثا ، بل كل واقف عند  
حده ، باق على حفظ ميثاقه وعهده ، مقرر بتصديق  
وعيده ووعد ، وان من شئ الا يسمح بحمده ، احمد واساله  
توفيق حمده والهام رشده ، واصلى واسلم على  
رسوله الذى انزل عليه فى محكم مجده ، سبحان  
الذى اسرى بعبده ، فصلى الله عليه وعلى اهل بيته  
بيتته من بعده ، وبعد فاني نظرت بعين التحقيق ،  
فرايت بنور التصديق والتوفيق ، ان كل مخلوق مقرر  
بوجود الخالق ، وكل صامت فى الحقيقة ناطق ، فاستقرت  
العبارات ، واستبريت الاشارات فرايت كلا ناطقا  
بلسان قاله ، او بلسان حاله ، لكنى رايت لسان الحال ،  
افصح من لسان القال ، واصدق من كل مقال ، لان لسان  
الخبر يحقل التكذيب والتصديق ، ولسان العبر لا  
ينطق الا بالتصديق والتحقيق ، والناطق بلسان الحال ،  
مخاطب لذوى الاحوال ، والناطق بلسان القال ، مقابل  
لاهل الحق والاعتدال ، وقد وضعت كتابى هذا مترجما  
عما استفدته من الحيوان برمزه ، ومن الجماد بغمزه ، وما  
خاطبني الازهار بلسان حالها ، والتخارير عن مقرها

وارتحالها ، وسعته كشف الاسرار عن حكم الطيور  
والازهار ، وجعلته موعظة لاهل الاعتبار ، وتذكرة  
لذوى الاستبصار ، فاعتبروا يا اولى الابصار ، فمن طالع  
مقالى ، وفهم ضرب امثالى ، فذاك من امثالى ، ومن اعجم  
عليه اشكالى ، فليس من اشكالى ، ولقد اخرجنى الفكر  
يوما لانظر ما احدثته ايدى القدم فى الحدث ،  
واوجدته الحكمة البالغة لا للعبث ، فانتهيت الى  
روضة قد رق اديمها ، وراق نسيها ، ونم طيبها ، وغنى  
عندليبها ، وتحركت عيدانها ، وتمايلت اغصانها ،  
وتبليت بلايلها ، وتسلسلت جداولها ، وتسرحت  
انهارها ، وتصوغت اقطارها ، وتمقت ازهارها ، وصوت  
هزارها ، فقلت يا لها من روضة ما اهناء ، وخلوة ما  
اصفاها ، فيا ليتنى استعجبت صديقا حميما ، يكون  
لطيب حضرتى نديما ، فنادانى لسان الحال ، فى الحال ،  
اتريد نديما احسن منى ، او مجيبا افصح منى ، وليس  
فى حضرتك شئ الا وهو ناطق بلسان حاله ، مناد  
على نفسه بدنو ارتحالها ، فاسمع له ان كنت من  
رجالها ،



كتاب  
كشف الاسرار  
عن حكم  
الطيور والازهار

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بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم

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الحمد لله القريب في بعد ، البعيد في قرب ،
المتعالى في جد ، عن هزل القول وجد ، المقدس في
رفيع مجد ، عن حد وعد ، الذى اوجد ما كان عدما ،
واودع كل موجود حكما ، وجعل العقل بينهما حكما ،
ليميز بين الشئ وضد ، والله بما علمه فعلم مذاق
القول صافيه من شهد ، فمن فكر بجمع قصه ، ونظر
بتوفيق رشده ، علم ان كل مخلوق في قبضتي شقائه
وسعد ، مرزوق من خزائن نعمه ورفده ، ما يفتح الله
للناس من رحمة فلا ممسك لها وما يمسك فلا مرسل

له من بعد ، فلو صفت عين بصيرتك ، وانجلت مراة
سريرتك ، واصغيت بسمع يقظتك ، لاسمعت كل
موجود ما يجده من فقدان وجد ، وما يكابده من
وجدان فقد ، لم تر الى النسيم كيف تنسم اسفا
على بكا السحاب عن جزره ومده ، وتاوه لهفا على تبسم
البرق لما سمع من قهقهة رعد ، فانظر الى الربيع
فها هو قد بشرك مورود ورده ، واخبرك بشرود برده ،
وسعى اليك بانقلاب الشتا بجدة ومردة ، وسعى
اليك بوشى الروض وبزده ، وشكى اليك البان مابان
من تمايل قد ، وانهى اليك الاقحوان ما كان من
الوان الزهر وجده ، وخفوق اعلامه المعلمة بسعد ،
فوتب النرجس قايا للقيام بورده ، واقبل الشقيق
على تشقيق ثوبه وقد ، فكانه تاكل لاطم على
حمرة خد ، وشكى اليك للجلنار جل نار هجرة وصد ،
وصاح العندليب على عودة ، الرطيب برند ، وباح
العاشق الكئيب بما يكائمه من هوى زينبه وهند ،
وهام في فلوات خلواته طربا بما سمعه عن طيب نجد ،
وفر هربا الى من يعلم خفايا ما ابداه وما لم يبده ،
فالعارف من شكر سوابغ النعم ، واحتفر معادن

كتاب

كشف الاسرار

عن حكم

الطيور والازهار

تأليف الشيخ العالم عز الدين بن عبد السلام
آبن احمد بن غانم المقدسي رحمه الله تعالى

وقد اعتنى بتصحيحه وطبعه وترجمه من اللغة
العربية الى اللغة الفرنسية الفقير
يوسف اليودورس غرسين

طبع

في مدينة باريس المحروسة


بدار الطباعة السلطانية

سنة ١٨٢١ المسيحية

للكاتبه

كتابي اضي كروض زهر
بين النداما للغم نافي
في الحسن اوجد والخط مفرد
والخط يعهد والم خافي

كتاب
كشف الاسرار
عن حكم الطيور والازهار



Al-Muqaddasi: REVELATION OF THE SECRETS OF THE BIRDS AND FLOWERS

**Translated by:
Irene Hoare and Darya Galy**

A most important Sufi document, written by Muqaddasi, who died seven hundred years ago.

The work is a religious psychology dealing with three phenomena: (1) the way in which communities think and the results of emotionality and narrow beliefs; (2) the shifting consciousness of the individual; and (3) the strengths and weaknesses of simplistic and sophisticated mental postures.

It is astonishingly 'modern' in its approach, once its terminology is understood.

**With a Preface by
Al Hajj Anwar
K. Winstone Hamilton**